

# ZONTAR'S EJECTO-POD

Vol. 1 #2



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# READ



# ZONTAR





A Nightmare Monster  
from Outer Space  
Threatens to Doom the  
Human Race ... but

**ZONTAR**  
IS STILL HERE!

## EDITORIAL

**GREETINGS BIRTH CREATURE!**

Welcome to another edition of **EJECTO-POO**, the living-extension newsletter edition of **ZONTAR-THE MAGAZINE FROM VENUS**. The publication which you hold in your hands is MORE than just another cheap, "underground" rant-zine! Only **ZONTAR** is written and edited in its entirety by soulless automatons totally subject to the orders of superior forces from beyond this world. **THE MASTER ZONTAR'S EVIL TEACHINGS** are everywhere to be found, subliminally disguised, carefully veiled, everywhere embedded in the very fabric of this publication. For the **ENLIGHTENED**, these messages will be source of constant hilarity and deep contemplation. For those stupid and puny **HUMANS** who continue to live in **IGNORANCE** of **THE MASTER'S PATENTED DOCTRINE** of **BAD-TRUTH**, the **WISDOM** encoded herein will seem nothing more than the idle and incoherent ranting of a small band of crackpots. The **MEDIOCRITIES** will laugh, will turn away: to the **SPORTS PAGE**, to **USA TODAY**, to the delusion of Humanoid Religion. Oh how we pity you all...you who are...**THE DOOMED**.

Of course, most of you who will read these words are already **HARD-CORE**. We are perfectly aware that the twisted obscurities presented in **EJECTO-POO** are more than a little bit too "obscure" for the comparatively "normal" **SCI-FI** and **MONSTER** fans who complain about the recent lack of such "crowd-pleasing" elements which featured in our "early" issues.

Well, there'll be enough of that coming, and **SOON**, in **ZONTAR #9: The Gala TENTH ANNIVERSARY "ALL-STUPID-MONSTER ISSUE"**, coming in early 1991...**WE HOPE!** It all depends... on **YOU!!!** And your continued **MONEY** SUPPORT for this **MINISTRY** in the coming **YEARS OF NOE!!!** Those **CHECKS...AREN'T THEY JUST A LITTLE BIT OVERDUE?????** You slackers know who you are! **SEND SOON...OR PAY FOREVER: ITS LATER THAN YOU THINK!!!**

### OUR ENEMIES: AN UPDATE.

You've probably already heard **TOO MUCH** about the **NEA** and the



## Truth and Faith Prevail

Government's **EVIL** attempts to censor the **"ARTS"**. We don't like pretentious performance artists anymore than you do...We **NEVER** listen to Laurie Anderson records and don't particularly care for anyone who does. Trendy hair and empty cuteness are not the path to **THE ENLIGHTENMENT** of **THE MASTER**. **BUT.....**

The **WORST** thing about the whole **NEA-Censorship** debate, other than the fascist attempt by Republican **PIGS** like Helms, Falwell, Robertson, and others to impose their own warped sexual anxieties and fears onto the mass of humanity, is the pathetic response of the so-called "art community" and liberal wimps: **"ART is not PORNOGRAPHY!"** they declare, as if such a clear distinction can ever be made, or is even desirable. **ANY good "ART" will seem "OBSCENE" to somebody!** **WHERE** then are the brave voices who will defend **ALL FORMS OF HUMAN EXPRESSION, INCLUDING pornography!!!** **WE** of **ZONTAR** believe in the right of **ANYONE** to create or consume whatever **DEPRAVED EXPRESSIONS** of **BASIC HUMAN FILTH** they **DESIRE!!!!** ONLY **ZONTAR** DARES TO SAY:

**TAKE YOUR REPRESSIVE ANTI-PORNO LAWS, GREASE 'EM, AND CRAM 'EM UP THE STINKING ASS OF YOUR BLOOD-THIRSTY GOD!!!!!!\***

*\* Disclaimer: The above statement is for satirical use only. The Editors do not intend to endorse any abnormal sexual behaviour or to offend the sensibilities of any organized religion. This is "art" and must not be construed as pornographic or sacrilegious. Thank you.*

### HOPE AMIDST DESPAIR:

Neil Bush. Daddy's little disappointment. Caught with his corporate short-pants down, and his naughty little finger in the **SM** pie. Dad believes in Sonny's integrity.

How did Neillie get his "incredibly sweet deal" as a 29-year old, totally inexperienced Bank president. Did Poppy make a little phone call to the boys on the board? What sort of "sweet deal" will get from the sadistic, 400-pound prison guard?

These may only be sweet dreams of summer...but after over a year of complete Bush invulnerability, its fun to see a crack opening in his black, blood-stained armor...spawned from his very





**THIS JUST IN:**  
**STATLEY WAYNE MANOR CLUED US**  
**IN TO TRANSYLVANA TWIST I**  
**JUST OUT ON VIDEO — A SILLY, BUT**  
**SOMEWHAT ENTERTAINING HORROR!**  
**SPOOF PRODUCED BY RODGER CORMAN**  
**IT HAS AN APPERANCE BY NONE**  
**OTHER THAN ZONTAR "IT" SELF**  
**AS "THE EVIL ONE" — A LOVECRAFT #**  
**ELDER GOD!!! — WEN DONE EFFECT TOO...**

## Persecuted for Telling the Truth

**EJETO-POD**

~VOL 1, #2 • SUMMER 1990~

EDITED BY JAN JOHNSON & BRIAN CURRAN

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loins, no less. Will BUSH be the HOOVER to REAGAN'S COOLIDGE?  
 Stay tuned for more SML-Depression fun!

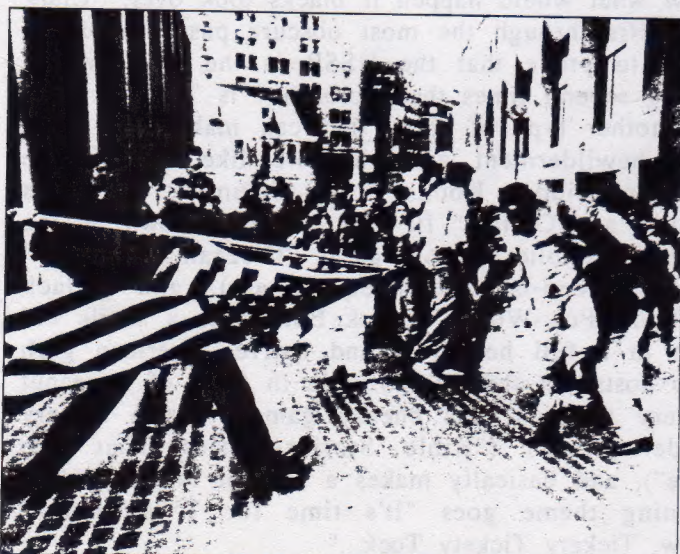
### LOCAL SAVINGS:

Of course, no matter how hot it gets for the BUSH gang, we can count on the so-called opposition to FAIL TOTALLY to exploit the NEIL BUSH DIVIDEND. Remember, we come from MIKE "COMPETENCE" DUKAKIS country. Our fair state is now plunged into the worst tailspin of self-loathing and economic collapse imaginable...far worse than the depths of the 1970s. Our next governor may well be a twisted, one-armed MONSTER filled with bitter hatred of the world, and bent on punishment of the weak, the hopeless, and the despised. It seems that welfare mothers and Cambodian immigrants are the cause of all the problems in this state!! Remember Boston during the 70s busing riots, when little girls sitting in school-buses were pelted with rocks by racist thugs while Democratic pols and cringing Clergymen stood by in silence? These days may be back again soon. ED KING certainly taught us that no cruddy politician could go wrong by exploiting the petty hatreds and racial ignorance of Massachusetts' legions of cretinous pinheads!!

JOHN SILBER: personal friend of WAR-CRIMINAL-WITHOUT-A-CONSCIENCE KISSINGER, former member of the KISSINGER COMMISSION on Central America, defender of Apartheid and critic of Mandela, hypocritical guardian of Boston University's Martin Luther King archive: WILL THIS WARPED CREATURE BE OUR NEXT GOVERNOR? Will he then attempt to finish off the job begun by Kissinger in Cambodia, by running for PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES? He has ambitions. You heard it here first...we hope it's the last!

### READ!

This issue is dedicated to comprehensive coverage of some of the sleaziest, most appalling creeps and hucksters you're likely to find in the mass-media today. We didn't plan it, but it just ended up that way. Some readers may find the material contained herein a little TOUGH TO STOMACH. DON'T BLAME US...we just live here, on this God-forsaken planet.



Boston's tarnished history: White busing foes assault a black man in 1976



# SHUCKING THE RUBES: CHRISTIAN MEDIA HUCKSTERS

By Jan Arthur Johnson

There have always been and always will be the hideous leeches of humanity--some become doctors, others go into politics or religion. Whether they sell insurance, aluminum siding, baldness cures, political or religious ideology, or any other ripoff, their newest medium of choice is cable TV.

No longer must the conman travel from town to town with his snake oil, tent revival or exploitation film, as did Kroger Babb ("Mom and Dad," "Prince of Peace," "One Too Many," etc.; see ReSearch #10, page 102). Now with the twin wonders of satellites and cable technology, they can beam their spiel to a nation eager to be fleeced. All across the vast wasteland of your cable dial, you can click past a stupefying array of money grubbing plots. See **Zontar** #7 for a view of a few of the bleak product scams, and **Ejecto-Pod** #1 for a photo of the unbelievable Santo-Gold. All of these scams pale like a sickly carnival barker in the shadow of the towering crimes committed in the name of GOD.

There is a wide spectrum of types of Christian cable shows, ranging from true believers, some of whose twisted views allow us a peek into strange other worlds, to outright blatant frauds.

Your pals at Zontar Labs' favorite of the former is the Book of Revelation/prophecy programs. The first show of this type that your humble editors watched regularly was "The King is Coming" with Dr. Howard Estep. From the mid-70's well into the 80's, we watched in wonder as the good doctor stood on the unearthly set pointing at his glass blackboard covered with strange symbols and weird abstractions. His odd leaps of logic and



quirky style made him a cult classic: he is immortalized on the great 1974 solo album, "Roller Maidens from Outer Space," by Phil Austin of the Firesign Theatre. A similar old professor type is John G. Hall. Not nearly as much of a kook as Estep, Hall's claim to fame is a wall-sized painted chart that shows the Biblical flow of time. It goes from alpha--with an angel and dinosaurs!--to the omega ("It is done.") with tons of wacky stuff in between, all painted in perfect Early American "naive" style.

Much less harmless is Trinity Broadcast System's "Shockwaves of Armageddon" with Dr. Doug Clark. Clark mixes his biblical prophecy with classic kook rants and twisted rightwing propaganda. On one show he went on and on about the Trilateral Commission, the Council on Foreign Relations, the World Bank, and other old-time conspiracy junk. On another show, he spends his half hour praising the white regime in South Africa! He states that apartheid was established to save blacks from killing each other, and is saving them from the godless Commie Marxists!! Idi Amin is used to show what would happen if blacks took over. Clark also sifts through the most obscure passages of the Bible to prove that the USSR is the evil empire, stating several times that Gorbachev is "Gog."

Another type of show that can make you numb with bewilderment are what we like to call the Kristian Kiddie Kooks. Art (Gumby) Clokely's "Davey and Goliath" fit here. They're shown on the Boston Catholic Station, as is "Creegan and Crow" (very spaced-out ventriloquist act), and "Black Buffalo's Pow-Wow." Black Buffalo is a senile old man in a full headdress and native American garb who hosts his show Bozo style in front of a peanut gallery of kids, has cheesy games, shows a very crude cartoon ("Bible Stories-Stories That Are True"), and basically makes a fool of himself. The opening theme goes "It's time for TV's greatest show, Tickety Tickety Tock..."





On Trinity is the most extreme of all the Kristiain Kiddie Kooks--Captain Hook. Now, we've talked about him before (**Zontower #2, Zontar #8**), but he just keeps on being the sickest show of this type. Having found God by having half his body ripped away in a motorcycle crash, he tries to inflict God on the little ones by sheer terror. The most extreme show we've seen has the evil captain performing a spiritual autopsy--pulling out body parts tainted by the devil and telling kids that he saw a real autopsy once. On another show, Mrs. Hook tells us: "God is not a child molester." One can only wonder at what repressed guilt brought on that outburst!

No overview of the vast Christian media conspiracy would be complete without a mention of the censorship theme. A few of the more extreme follow. The Coral Ridge Report with James Kennedy. Kennedy is the heir to the Cardinal Spellman anti-Commie school of costumed ranters, and here he gives us "seduction of the innocent" as well. On a set with four TVs flashing scenes of sex and violence, he looks like a performance artist as he gives a history of film, radio, and rock music leading to a decline in moral decency. Dave Benoit (pronounced Ben-Wa) on Glory Ministries denounces rock and the demon possession it causes; this is also a regular theme on Pastor Fletcher Brothers' Freedom Village. For info on more anti-rock kooks, see "Rock and Roll Will Steal Your Soul" by Johnny Marr in Kooks Magazine #5 (\$4.00 from Donna Kossy, P.O. Box 953, Allston, MA 02134).

Some of the most blatant cash mongering can be found on "Principles of Biblical Economics" on which Brother John Rvanzinies explains the Ministry of Giving: "Maybe you've got a million dollars, you want to buy us a satellite, pay for an antenna. Maybe your friends say you're crazy--but you know it's your duty." On "The Provision of Promise," Ernest Leonard was heard to say, "Maybe you're lying on your deathbed; you should get someone in your family to the bank right away so that you can pass away with a clear conscience."

The Provision of Promise is a "seed faith" ministry; in other words, you must show God you believe by sending them all your money. Other seed suckers include Dwight Thompson and of course the great Robert Tilton (see **Ejecto-Pod #1**).

The most loathsome and evil of all is of course Jerry Falwell. His slick use of the media, consolidating of the far right, and deep pockets (he has direct ties to South Africa) are to be hated and feared. Liberty University stands poised to ooze forth his venomous world view in to the 21st century. Last year Ollie North led the commencement ceremony--this year it was George Bush!! (A very good history of the rise of the religious right is "God's Bullies," by Perry Deane Young, 1982, ISBN # 0-03-059706-4.) Falwell wants more from you than anyone else in this article--he wants more from you than to listen to his ideology, more even than your last dollar. He is building an empire, a shadow realm whose dark and slimy tentacles are even now prying their way into every private part of your soon-to-be enslaved existence, soiling and befouling your innermost dreams and aspirations.

Only **Zontar** and its few fellow travelers stand between certain doom and a dim flickering hope for a better future. Not much of a choice, granted, but the only one nonetheless. Only your hard earned cash in the Master's claws can hobble the juggernaut of despair before we all sink into the bottomless swamp of brain-dead "Christian brotherhood"!!



## REAL HORROR

"SEED FAITH" AT ITS WORST!

**BOB TILTON**

BEGS WIDOWS

TO SEND THEIR

**LAST DOLLARS.**

(ACTUAL MAILING!)

HIS UNDERLINES TOO..



I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING THAT IS NOT FOR EVERYBODY. This is a special challenge that I have wrestled with God about writing; I almost fear saying it because I don't want to be misunderstood...but I bind that fear in the Name of Jesus knowing He would have me say this because it does apply to some who are holding this letter.. (AND IT MAY APPLY TO YOU): The widow in Luke 21 and the widow in I Kings 17 gave out of the last of what they had. Perhaps you need to do the same!

### GOD TOLD ME TO INSERT THIS RIGHT HERE

Perhaps you need to totally empty the checking account, a vacation account, a piggy-bank for that rainy day...let me tell you in the Name of Jesus, this is your rainy day and also your day for a miracle. If you will dare to give it all, God will delight in giving His all back to you! This is so difficult for me to even write, but I'm speaking from a position of experience, knowing that the Holy Spirit is directing me. I'm not asking you to do it--I'm simply laying it out there to allow the Holy Spirit to rest upon your heart.

*Jesus said those that have left all shall receive 100-fold in return!*



# WHAT IS HIS MINISTRY?

ROBERT TILTON

WHEN GOD GAVE ROBERT TILTON THE VISION to become a fisher of men in 1969, the young convert could scarcely foresee that in less than twenty years his ministry would touch the lives of millions and span the earth.

Before he became world famous through his daily, hour-long television program *Success-N-Life*, Robert Tilton was first the founder, along with his wife Marte, of Word of Faith World Outreach Center and Family Church in Dallas. From their first days in the ministry, their vision has been to reach the city, the nation, and the world with the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

From its humble beginnings in 1976 with a membership of seven in a rented YMCA building, Word of Faith World Outreach Center has grown to fit its name. It is the hub of Robert Tilton's broad, multi-faceted ministry which includes a local 8,000-member church.

Another important arm of the ministry is Lexington Academy where children, grades K through 12, are grounded in solid Christian values and the highest educational standards. Lexington's college preparatory program is among the best.

Furthermore, after being checked out by the Internal Revenue Service, the ministry was given a clean bill of health.

## EXCERPTS FROM HIS OWN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

Second only to his love for God and His people is Robert Tilton's incredible faith. As he is quick to tell you, he has had many opportunities to just give up when everything comes against him, but one of Bob's secrets to success is that it's never over until you win. "When Bob gets a vision or an inspired idea, it's typical that there seems to be no visible means of getting it done," says Al Brice, senior associate pastor of Word of Faith Family Church. "But when God shows Bob to do something, he has to believe continuously to bring it to pass even when there's no evidence it's going to happen."

Staying in the Word, in prayer, and in the Spirit keeps Bob in close communication with the Lord. That is why he has been given visions at critical times in his ministry. But three, he feels, have had the most significant influence. The first one came on the day of his salvation. That day, he says, he found more than his calling; he found his reason for being. God, the Father, spoke to Bob in an audible voice within his heart and said, "I have called you as a fisher of men, a minister of My Gospel."

From the second vision came the prayer of agreement. In the middle of the night, Bob was caught away in the Spirit and found himself standing in the front of multitudes of people. God showed him masses of troubled people and told him that many ministers pray for His people, but He wanted Bob to agree with His people in prayer. "I saw the masses of humanity miserable and

sick because Satan and the powers of darkness had attacked them," Bob says. "As I began to agree with each suffering person in prayer, miracles began to happen. From that day forth, as I have been faithful to that vision, I have seen every kind of miracle happen when I pray the prayer of agreement."

The third came in the middle of the night when two angels appeared in the back of a large auditorium. They left a message in the form of a 10-foot golden bow and arrow mounted on the top of a pyramid. They spoke only to say that they knew Jesus and immediately left.

The next morning, Bob searched the Scriptures for the meaning of the vision and found in II Kings 13 the story of how the prophet Elisha showed King Joash how to

shoot the arrow of the Lord's deliverance. As long as the king shot arrows, he got victory over his enemies. Joash stopped after shooting only three, and Elisha was angry because the king had asked for so little.

"That's the problem with so many Christians," Bob says. "They ask for little and therefore they receive little. They are content with little when God has so much to give them! Because God is so big and has so much to give, I want Christians to think big, dream big, and believe in a big God who answers prayer and fulfills dreams. I want them to shoot the arrows of the Lord's deliverance and not give up until they have overcome all their enemies—tickness and poverty and all the other miseries the devil heaps on mankind. I want them to have victory."

As intense as he is in the

KORABE SANTA!

KREEGA BANDOLD BE SOYA!

Every time it seems that the end has come Bob and Marte go to their source and seek God

BOB (ABOVE) MAKES IT CLEAR THAT HIS MIRACLE- WORKIN' POWER STILL WORKS EVEN ON RE-RUNS !!

WORKIN' POWER STILL WORKS EVEN ON RE-RUNS !!

Lord's work, Bob doesn't take himself seriously. Preaching the Gospel is uppermost in his priorities. On a Miracle Crusade in a large southern city, he discovered that he had forgotten to put dress shoes in the suitcase. On the elevator going down to a packed convention center, a colleague asked, "Bob, did you know you're wearing white tennis shoes?"

Bob's famous grin broke across his face and he said, "Yeah, well, I forgot to pack my dress shoes and decided not to go out on the stage in my sock feet." The colleague insisted on exchanging shoes with him there on the elevator. To his colleague's great relief, the shoes fit just fine.

With an outrageous sense of humor, Bob enjoys the Gospel message.

HA!



When you take that first step of withholding absolutely nothing from Him, God will multiply your wealth. —



FOLLOW GOD & BE SUCCESSFUL!

START OVER HERE

CAPT. HOOK THE WORLD'S ONLY CHRISTIAN PIRATE!

ON TRINITY T.V.



Aye, the golden age of piracy has not ended. A Stout-armed captain is still mighty in battle on the Sea of Life. Mind ye, he lost an arm and leg in warfare but is still a seaman first class aboard the Old Gospel Ship for the Lord Jesus Christ. He ploughs the waves uncovering precious buried treasure to boys and girls who seek after the true riches of life.

Embellished in ornate attire, he be the famed Captain Hook, alias Van R. Saum. He is a real, authentic Christian pirate, complete with a genuine hook for a hand and a wooden peg leg. The prosthesis became his necessary apparatus after a tragic motorcycle accident in 1960. A classmate didn't see his motorcycle in the oncoming lane, pulled out to pass a truck, and hit the motorcycle head on. The 17 year-old was thrown out into a field with half of his body torn away.



Now the captain travels over 100,000 miles a year on land, sea, and air the pilots his own plane—an accomplishment mastered after the motorcycle accident.) His crew are: Mrs. Hook, and family Vic, Vince, and Valerie. The entire pirate crew spend 12 months a year in churches, auditoriums, schools, and T.V.—telling the gospel story in a zesty, dramatic presentation. The captain gives breath to a popular ventriloquist doll called "Shirley."

A gospel T.V. show for children called "Pirate Adventures With Captain Hook" is now seen on 50 major stations, three satellites, and over 1000 cities nationally and internationally. Puppets, skits, and an able pirate crew portray a "You Can Do It—With God's Help" message, and the devil is always scuttled!

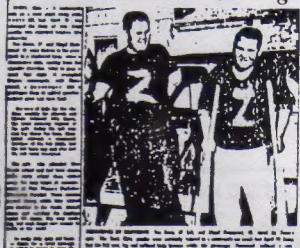
He was rushed to the hospital and his parents were notified of the hopelessness of the situation. He was not expected to live through the night.

Permission was granted for amputative surgery, the only means to save his life. After unconsciousness lengthening into the third day, he awoke, unaware of the accident or his surroundings. His mother had accompanied him in the intensive care room day and night.

When he awakened, she was the one to tell him, "Son, you've been in a motorcycle accident and your left arm and leg were amputated." He looked down at the absence of his members. There was no left arm and where there had been a leg, the sheet lay flat. The shock was too great. He drifted back into unconsciousness.

World Still Seems Good

Two Pals, Crippled In Crash Look Ahead With Courage



A successful seaman with a reputable character—he is unlike his pirate predecessors. Ye swabbies, someplace-sometime—when you least expect it, you may run into this pirate... But harmless he be if your course is charted heavenbound. However, if ye be headed in another direction... BEWARE! For the Captain is hugging the shore to turn ye landlubbers around!

Successful Motivation For Children



CAPTAIN HOOK A-LIVE IN TEXAS

April 13, 1960 could have been the day his world ended. But instead of shaking his fist at the heavens, his heart was turned toward God for help. All the childhood teaching from Christian parents, the prayers, and the tears...were manifested into waves of strength and hope. The presence of God visited him in that hospital room in Ft. Wayne, Indiana and gave him a new beginning.

After rehabilitating, he finished his education at Southern Bible College in Houston, Texas. He married in a few years, began a family, and responded to a special call on his life.

God doesn't employ many folks as pirates, but He did this fellow! The new Captain Hook became the world's only Christian pirate! A tragedy was turned into a triumph. He was put to "sea" to tell the gospel story—"pirate style."

Illustration: The Little Red Boat, The Naughty Boy, The story about The Three Little Pigs

Sponsored by FAITH TEMPLE Killeen, Texas





## In A New Age Daze

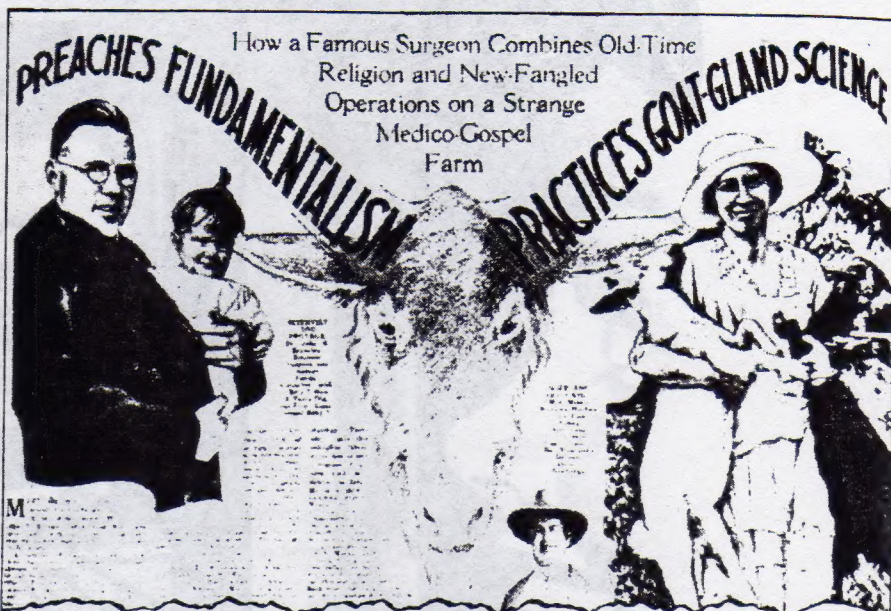


The late lamented Tempo cable station was a place where anything could show up. For a few weeks back in 1987 or so every weeknight they showed a program unlike anything that we see on this coast. "Dazé (pronounced Dah-Zay) is a middle-aged, overweight California woman whose show sums up the mindlessness of the New Age movement. A portion of each show was taken up with doing astrological sun sign readings for call-in viewers, but it is the very long "self-help/self-hypnosis" audio and video tapes that are not to be believed. While sampled pan-pipes play and views of inner peace float by, Dazé intones "Welcome to the world of the crystal cave and the spiritual French connection. Each of us have come into this world for a reason. When you come to the crystal cave, you meet your master teacher, spirit guides. As you bathe in the crystal cave, it changes color so you can cleanse your mind, body and soul in light. You'll work with humanity at the crystal healing table, as well as your self. Remember--world harmony begins with you. This is the theatre of your mind with Dazé; close your eyes, listen to the voice and you can attain your goals with speed, ease, comfort, and joy." The end titles state: "The opinions and ideas expressed on this program are only possibilities and do not necessarily represent the views of the producers. You have the choice to make your own reality."

**ZONTAR HOME VIDEO!**  
**\*PERVERT PREACHERS**  
**FASCIST FUNDAMENTALISTS**  
**AND**  
**KRISTIAN KIDDIE KOOKS**  
**2 FULL HOURS FROM THE**  
**COUNTLESS HORRORS IN**  
**THE ZONTARCHIVES !! - NOW ONLY**

**YEARS**  
**IN THE**  
**MAKING**

**\$15.00**  
**XX**



QUACKERY:

(1960)

## The Goat Man

The greatest quack of them all, John R. Brinkley, owned a fleet of Cadillacs, three yachts, a palatial estate in Texas, and the most powerful radio station in North America, at the height of his notoriety in the 1920s and '30s. At that time he earned \$1 million a year--and he owed it all to goat glands.

Brinkley's "discovery" of the power of goat glands "to rejuvenate" the masculine vigor of elderly men came about quite by accident. In "The Roguish World of Doctor Brinkley," published this week by Rinehart (280 pages, \$4.95), author Gerald Carson relates how one day an elderly farmer dropped into the smooth and persuasive Brinkley's store-front office in Milford, Kans., complaining of "that all-in feeling."

Brinkley happened to drop a remark about the farmer's gamboling goats. "You wouldn't have any trouble," said the quack, "if you had a pair of those [goat] buck glands in you." "Well, why don't you put 'em in," the farmer suggested laconically.

For a fee, Brinkley did. A few days later he got hold of a young male goat, and transplanted the goat's gonads to the man with the use of no more than a local anesthetic. Later the farmer's young wife gave birth to a bouncing

baby boy (gratefully named "Billy"), and the quack started to do a turnaway business in goat transplants for fees up to \$1,500. Before long he developed his own goat herd (from which patients picked their own donors), built a hospital, and erected one of the earliest and most powerful radio stations in the land with which to woo the willing.

**Blatant Ego:** In the 1930s the authorities, led by Dr. Morris Fishbein of the Journal of the American Medical Association, began to catch up with Brinkley, and the Kansas state medical board voted to lift his license. To stay in business Brinkley ran for governor three times, planning to put pressure on the board to save his license if elected. And he almost made it, in 1932, losing 244,000 to Alf Landon's 278,000.

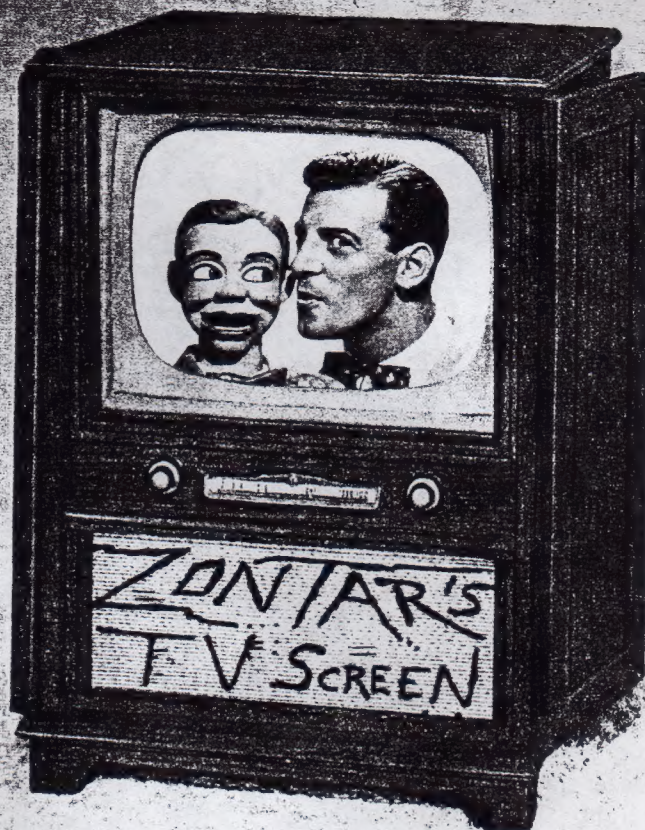
Brinkley then moved, lock, stock, and radio station, to Del Rio, Texas, on the Mexican border, but the hounds were in full cry. The government sued for back taxes, and hundreds of former patients brought damage suits. Brinkley prudently declared bankruptcy. Still rich, he died in 1942 of a heart ailment at age 56.

Dr. Fishbein, his old enemy, provided his unofficial epitaph in a journal editorial: "The centuries to come may never produce again such blatancy, such fertility of imagination, or such ego."

Before he died, Brinkley had a word for Dr. Fishbein, too. "If Dr. Fishbein goes to heaven," he said, "I want to go the other way."







## CONFESSIONS OF A CULT-TV ADDICT

by B. CURRAN

**THEY LIVE.** They lurk in the darkest recesses of your cable-tv system. Early in the morning...Late at night. Repeated several times a week, several times a day. Most people probably flip right by them on the way to more comforting and familiar fare. Only the most gullible, the least selective, most addictive viewer rests here for long. But the producers of **CULT TV** don't care. The **CULT SHOWS** don't have to rely on ratings to survive. They don't have to convince potential advertisers of their desirable demographics. For these strange programs are financed by invisible forces: crazed religious cults; obscure "miracle-product" and "invention" companies; or sometimes even mega-corporations like General Electric (see **NEWS SHOWS** below).

While most of these shows are too miserably low-budget and repulsive for the average viewer to sit through, they may exercise a profound fascination on some of the more morbidly inclined followers of **THE MASTER**. Dedicated seekers of **THE MASTER'S** secret doctrine of **BAD-TRUTH** will find much that is startlingly familiar on these shows. Former movie and TV-stars, fallen on hard times, appear frequently in this realm, but they appear not as figures of enviable glamor, but as shambling ghosts, their eyes deadened by failure and humiliation, faces lined with the ravages of substance abuse and career disintegration. These imprisoned creatures pretend to be the hosts of "Talk Shows" devoted entirely to the promotion of a single product or self-help scheme. They confess with tears in their eyes to crazed, evil Televangelists, in the hope that the Jeezocreep just might give them a job on his Christian cable network.

Other shows "star" people you've never seen before in your life, but they're cheered by adoring "studio audiences" as they clean away dirt and grime, make teeth even whiter, or cause the crippled to walk and the blind to see through the intervention of divine

forces. These "shows" are usually "interrupted" by "ads" which are nothing more than extensions of the endless sales-pitch that is the sole content of these programs, which tell you how to send for the product, the self-help book, the prophecy tapes. Here, on the margins of unregulated media commercialism, or under the protection afforded "religious" groups through tax-exemption and media access, are the test models for the **NEW TOTALITARIAN MEDIA CULTURE**

which even now is being planned for you by **THEM** (you know who **THEY** are, don't you? Or haven't you been paying attention all these years?)

Of course, some well-intentioned but hopelessly naive "**NORMALS**" will question the dedicated **CULT-TV** scholar with a line like: "Well, if you think these shows are so stupid, then **WHY DO YOU WATCH THEM?**" The simple answer of course lies in the old cliché: **KNOW THINE ENEMY**. Even the most strong-willed **CULT TV** researcher will have to admit that the actual watching of these shows is almost unbearably painful and numbingly boring. An extended watching of such abysmal fare as **AMAZING DISCOVERIES**, **ANUSHKA**, or **VICTORY** with Morris Cerullo, may be more than any mere humanoid can be expected to endure.

Only the **TRULY ENLIGHTENED** who live by the teachings of **THE MASTER ZONTAR**, fully armed with the tools of **ZONTARIAN CRITICAL ANALYSIS**, can approach these newest manifestations of Humanoid culture with safety. Years of patient dissection of the effects of the worst and most disreputable **BADFILMS** have instructed the **FOLLOWERS OF ZONTAR** in these profound, **TRUTH-REVEALING** methods. **////// CONT.....**



# CULT.TV. CONT...

Like our beloved GREAT BAD-FILMS, these CULT-TV shows frequently reveal unexpected and undeniable TRUTHS about our nation's, our PLANET'S, decaying DEATH CULTURE. We find here not only the usual expressions of shameless STUPIDITY, SUPERSTITION, and GREED, but also concrete, documentary REVELATIONS of the consequences of such decadent values in the destruction of human lives and dignity. The obsessed, criminal, and gluttonous, or victimized, entrapped, and pathetic figures condemned to wander the dark corridors of CULT TV are not mere "symbols" or trendily "deconstructable" "signs" of our species' abject failure and despair, like you'd find in the work of some hypocritical post-modern "critic" or "artist". THESE TRAGIC CREATURES ARE THE REAL THING. THEY ARE YOU...THEY ARE US...THERE ARE MORE OF THEM EVERY DAY. THEY ARE LIVING PROOF OF THE FAILURE OF HU-MANOID CIVILIZATION, AND THEY ARE COMING FOR YOU!!!!

**WARNING! WARNING!** Watching these shows can be an informative, but also HIGHLY DANGEROUS EXPERIENCE! Most of these shows, even the most humorous or demented, are extremely repetitious and boring. Sleep may easily be induced, especially late at night when these programs seem to take over the "cable waves". Losing consciousness during these shows is NOT RECOMMENDED. In an unconscious or semi-conscious state, the hypnotic pitch-making and subliminal musical effects may wreak havoc with your mind, leaving you open to seduction by forces which are NOT YOUR FRIEND!! If you wake up some morning with an uncontrollable desire to buy miracle car-cleaning solution, then you know you are in trouble (especially if you don't own a car!). So be very careful. Do not drink alcohol or take any other depressant drugs while watching. Drug-induced states will likely only make you more susceptible to the pitches of the self-help and Born-Again maniacs, who often specifically tailor their hypno-propaganda to the seduction of the drugged or drug-dependent.

The categories of CULT TV shows listed below represent the author's attempt to classify the various "CULT SHOWS" into a series of identifiable groups. In the case of such a slippery phenomenon as CULT TV, the lines between specific categories are frequently blurred. This is of course quite intentional on the part of the producers of these shows, whose sole motivating goal is to lull you into gullibility; to trick you into sending money, surrendering your soul, and believing in the BIG LIE. This list is only an attempt to bring some clarity to the CULT TV phenomenon.

## NEWS SHOWS

The "NEWS" on TV comes in various formats, all of which have been taken over by the more obviously "CULT" programs (such as the religious and product-pitch shows). In this category we will briefly discuss the basic "NEWS REPORT" form, the half-hour Network news and its debased, local sub-genre.

Television News is probably the most frightening example of the disastrous effect which preconceived formulas, driven by a greedy appetite for ratings and advertising, can have on the elemental presentation of so-called "reality" in the Mass Media. The Half-Hour News Show categorizes and compartmentalizes events in a sort of subconscious hierarchy, which seduces the viewer into accepting as "TRUTH" the limited and repetitive options presented. Where was the president today? How is the "WAR ON DRUGS" going? Is the COLD WAR really over? Did we win? These numbingly predictable fragments are sandwiched between propaganda ads from the mega-corporations, which celebrate in ecstatic images and sounds the wonderful progress that is every day being made by OUR WAY OF LIFE. Admittedly, the events of the day sometimes might effect the presentation of the news in some basic way: a natural or man-made disaster, or a major political event like the fall of the Berlin Wall. But these are merely passing events in the unending telling of the BIG STORY: The Struggle of a Great Nation, Uniquely Endowed with the Blessings and Burdens of Freedom, in its ongoing conflicts with: Communists; Drug-Users/Dealers/Smugglers, and other challenges to the fulfillment of its Manifest Destiny.



KILLER

KLOWN

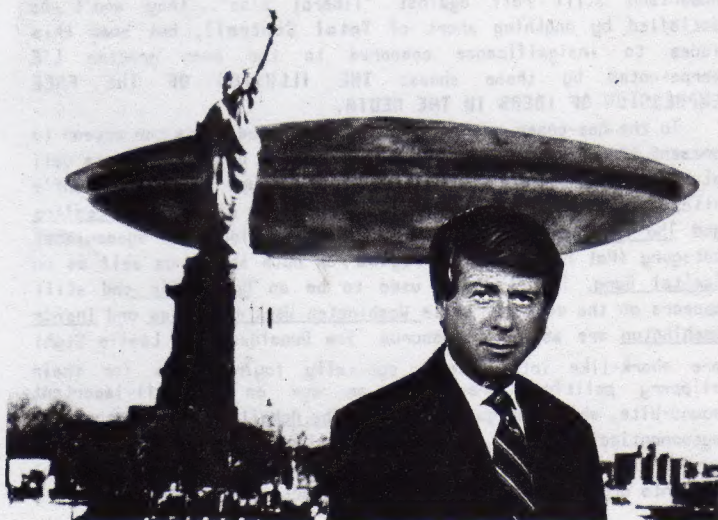
## Descent into Nightmare

HE'S ON NIGHTLINE ALMOST EVERY NIGHT. HIS CLONES STILL RUN THE STATE DEPT. HE'S A WAR-CRIMINAL WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE..... HE'S THE EVIL DR.K.

These forces may pose their threats, but somehow, through the efforts of the common people (in "human interest" segments) and even through national or international efforts (remember the whales stuck in the ice?) these problems may yet be overcome.

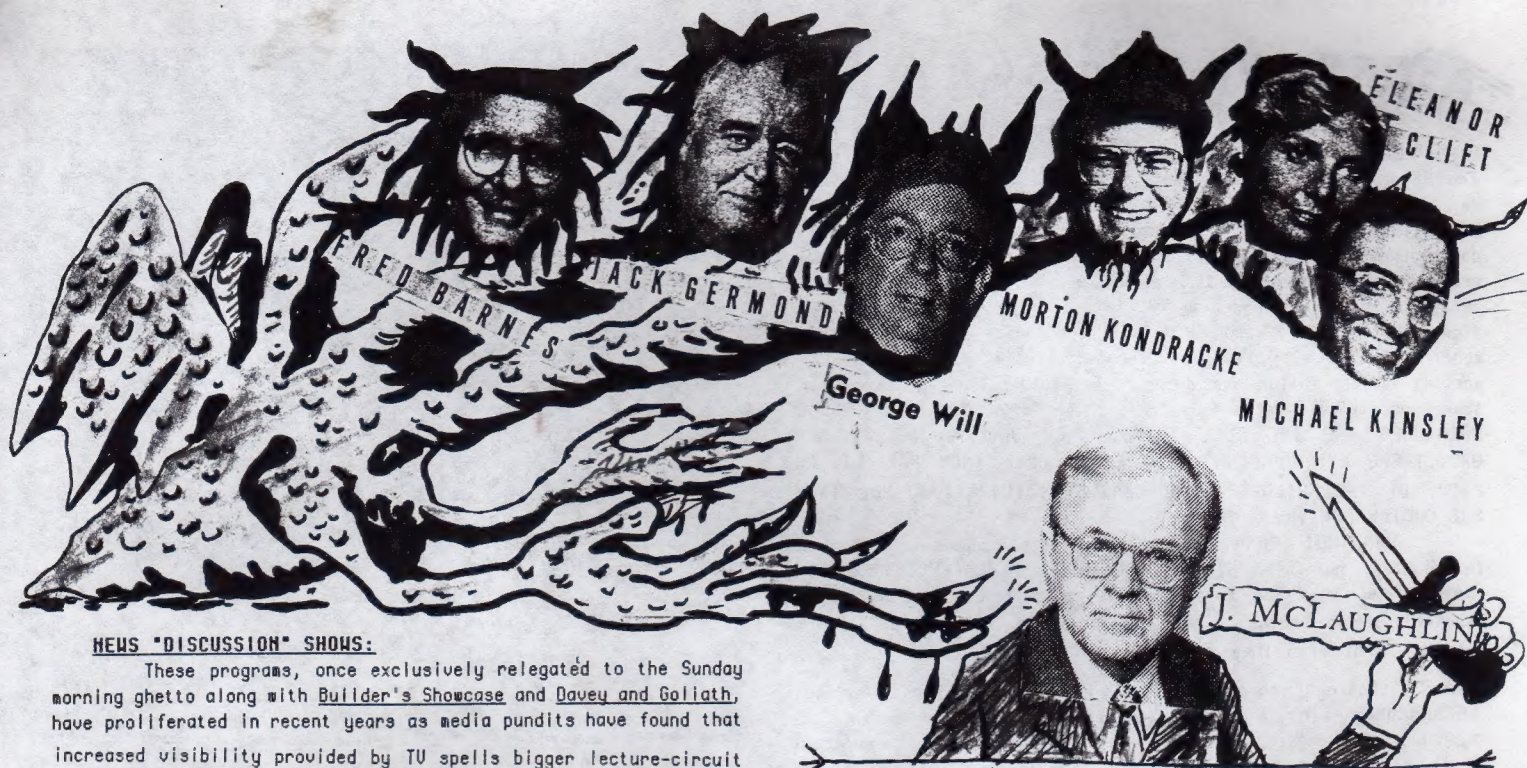
The very form of the NEWS is its own message: it's on every night at the same time, it's always the same length and format, it's always hosted by deliberately "objective"-seeming anchors. The reporters stand in front of the White House, the Kremlin, etc...there are little slides which tell you how to think about things: Terrorists are always Arabs, the WAR ON DRUGS slide combines a joint, a syringe, and a skull. The "sound bites" elect the candidate: Who gets on first? Who "won the day"? Who's ahead in the poll?

The control of the agenda, the sequence and style of presentation, of "events" is the control of the perception of "reality" itself. The Nazis understood this, so do the Republicans and the corporations who control the Networks. (I'm less certain about the Democrats.) In America, the language of the NEWS is the language of CONTROL and POWER. The whole format SIGNIFIES truth; fact; "reality". It should come as no surprise, then, that so many of the CULT TV shows have adopted the TV NEWS format in every detail, to sell you on HELSINKI FORMULA, to make you send money for the WAR ON PORNOGRAPHY, or to bring you GOD'S NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS. These shows are more obviously propaganda than the NEWS itself, but in the end they are no less dishonest, they are just more OBVIOUS. -- CONT'...



One of the fifty alien motherships visiting earth hovers over the Statue of Liberty in New York.





#### NEWS "DISCUSSION" SHOWS:

These programs, once exclusively relegated to the Sunday morning ghetto along with Builder's Showcase and Ovey and Goliath, have proliferated in recent years as media pundits have found that increased visibility provided by TV spells bigger lecture-circuit money and better book deals from publishers: George F. Will's baseball book is #1 in the nation as I write this. His reputation as a sports pundit is due almost entirely to his pontifications on This Week with David Brinkley. In the 80s, the old-style boring "reporters" found themselves replaced by sneering, scowling, loud-mouthed "News-Discussion" personalities, usually ex-Nixon/Reagan staffers or speechwriters, or columnists of extreme right-wing persuasion: Buchanan, McLaughlin, Will, Gergen, and the unspeakable Robert Novak, are the sort of creatures who dominate these shows today. A few middle-of-the-road, ineffective quasi-liberals are occasionally featured for "balance", commentators like...like...well, that's the problem. The most prominent "liberal" commentators on TV NEWS DISCUSSION shows are: "Mike" (formerly Michael) Kinsley, an ardent admirer of ultra-reactionary Maggot Thatcher; Morton Kondracke, whose bloated face suggests constant constipation problems, a supporter of Reagan's contra war, and whose own show, American Interests, on The Learning Channel, is the bleakest and most depressing of all these programs; and Sam Donaldson, a repulsively loud-mouthed ignoramus who has an astonishing penchant for missing the obvious point in an interview (he voted for Goldwater in '64!). Oh, there's also Mark Shields on PBS and CNN, an apparent drunkard who's been known to exceed his supposedly more-conservative co-stars in praising Bush when he invades tiny Latin American countries.

The right-wing slant of these shows is sinister enough (although it should be noted that the rightists like Reed Irvine and Pat Robertson still rail against "liberal bias"...they won't be satisfied by anything short of Total Control), but even this fades to insignificance compared to the even greater LIE perpetuated by these shows: THE ILLUSION OF THE FREE EXPRESSION OF IDEAS IN THE MEDIA.

To the new-comer or occasional viewer these shows can appear to present the most heated of debates. Often the guests and hosts yell at each other, hurl insults, and interrupt their opponent's attempts to speak. The shows even appear to be different: Crossfire and The McLaughlin Group stand out in the loud and egomaniacal category (Pat Buchanan is a regular on both shows, as well as on Capital Gang, Robert Novak used to be on McLaughlin and still appears on the others), while Washington Week in Review and Inside Washington are models of decorum. Sam Donaldson and Leslie Stahl are shark-like interviewers, cynically laying traps for their slippery political prey with an eye on the all-important sound-bite, while the questioners on The McNeil/Lehrer Newshour are sycophantically polite to their predominantly right-wing "expert" quests. But these are only "surface" differences, designed to fool you into accepting the appearance of "discussion" as fact.

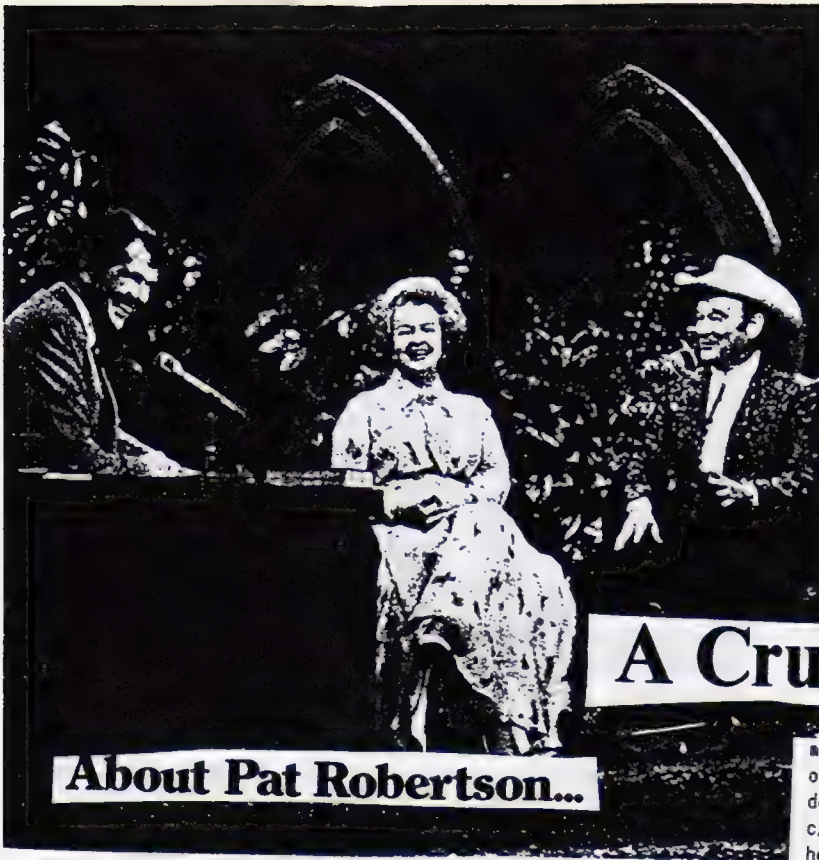
For on all these shows, the questions asked and the opinions expressed are always the same, always predictable, and always necessarily reflect the opinions held by the station owners, the editors, and their sponsors, the mega-corporations and THOUGHT POLICE who seek to control your will and bend it to SERVE THE DEATH MACHINE. Each move is carefully scripted, even "spontaneous" exchanges occur entirely within carefully drawn parameters. Never will the "conservative" pundits waver in their repetitive promotion of the Reaganoid doctrine. Each week its "the longest period of sustained growth in our nation's history", the need to restore "family values", the carefully couched alarmism aimed to provoke fear of the OTHER. The wimpy "liberals" can always be counted on to waffle, to appeal to "reason", that is, to lose. In this sense Mike Dukakis was the ultimate "liberal" TV-Pundit. When Reagan and his gang of thugs were caught selling guns to the hostage-taking, Marine-killing maniac Khomeini, the Democrats, handed a perfect issue on a silver platter, not once uttered the word "treason". How much were they paid for this? Will we ever really know?

In their total predictability, these shows, with the clear division of the pundits into opposing camps, with blatant "villains" (Novak, Buchanan, McLaughlin) and "good guys" (like Gergen, Shields, Kinsley), resemble nothing so much as the "interview" segments in Professional Wrestling. The wrestlers, though, are not only better actors, but are also actually less predictable. On Wrestling, sudden "conversions" from villain to good guy are quite common: tune out for six months and you might have missed, say, the transformation of the Big Boss Man from sadistic brute to crusader for Justice. It's hardly likely that tomorrow Pat Buchanan will become a pinko.

#### C-SPAN:

This cable channel provides live, continuous coverage of the U. S. Congress, but that's the least interesting aspect of its programming. The "waiting" parts are better; the reporters are waiting on the steps of the Supreme Court, you can hear them muttering about how boring it is, the weather, trying to pick up a date. When a group of kooks gives a press conference there on abortion or flags, C-Span carries it live, unedited. Best are the call-in shows. They run in the morning and evening, and are besieged by crank calls. At least once a show, the Trilateral Commission, the CFR, and other favorites of conspiracy theorists are discussed. Most of the callers are Southern, aging, ignorant, reactionary, and prompted by orchestrated right-wing direct-mail campaigns. Keep up to date with the latest lunatic-right-wing paranoia every morning on C-Span.





**About Pat Robertson...**

## The other side of the news...

If there is something worth knowing, it's on "The 700 Club." If there's something worth hearing, it's on "The 700 Club." If there's a topic that needs to be discussed, it's on "The 700 Club." If there's a problem that needs to be solved, the solutions are demonstrated on "The 700 Club."

"The 700 Club" tells stories that need to be told about business, government, the home, education, sports, entertainment, and every human activity. There are unique perspectives on controversial topics, fascinating interviews, and enlightening feature reports. It's a fast-paced, total view of life as it's happening today.

The program's emphasis is on solutions, alternative courses of action, positive perspectives on significant issues of our time. "The 700 Club" is not the same old news you've heard before. This is the other side of the news.

## A Cruel or a Loving God?

### RELIGIOUS SHOWS

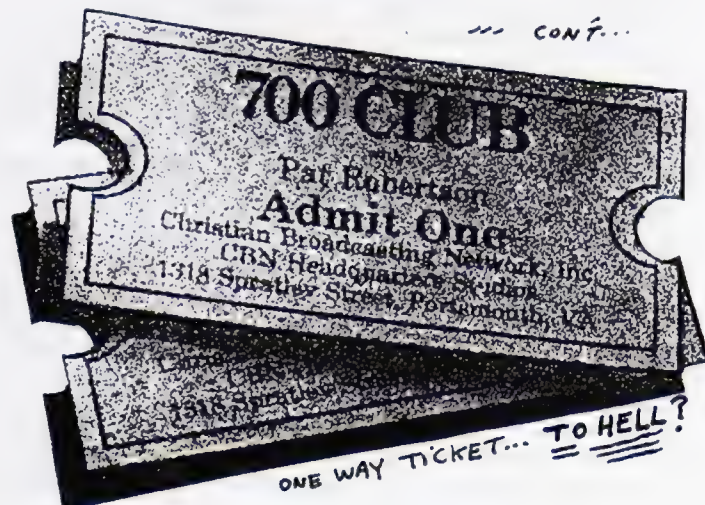
These are the main-stays of CULT TV programming and influenced profoundly the SELF-HELP and PRODUCT shows discussed below. These shows have received a tremendous amount of publicity in the last few years in the wake of the Jim and Tammy and Swaggart scandals, and Pat Robertson's mercifully failed presidential campaign. Despite this, the "secular media" (as the Born-Againists like to call it) has failed miserably to cover the Televangelist phenomenon with any real understanding of how it works. The coverage of the Jim and Tammy scandal by Nightline and others was in fact a concrete demonstration of the superior media-manipulation skills of the Televangelists. Even a relatively slick customer like Koppel couldn't prevent Jim and Tammy from taking over his show and turning it into a special addition of The PTL Club. When the Jim Bakker verdict came down, Sam Donaldson, with his usual bone-headed, over-simplistic incompetence, completely misunderstood an interviewee's important point about "seed-faith" and the demented miracle-believin' theology of Jim and Tammy and other Pentacostal lunatics, which might actually have enlivened the conversation beyond the usual two-dimensional morality-masquerade that has defined almost all Televangelist coverage.

Despite the loss of Jim and Tammy, whose daily psychodrama was some of the most fascinating television ever produced, and Swaggart, who remains "on" but not anywhere within range of this writer's cable-system (in western Massachusetts), there is still alot of truly unbelievable and demented Jeezuz' programming available to adventurous cable-watchers. The best show is definitely Robert Tilton's incredible SUCCESS'N' LIFE, hailing from Dallas, Texas, and shown on The Inspirational Network two or three times a day (I usually catch it at 7am EST). This great "seed faith" classic (send your "vow" (ie, cash, checks) to BOB, and you will become rich/lucky/healed by THE LORD in return) has been thoroughly covered by Jayne Jain in EJECTO-POD #1 (\$2 from 200792), so I will only add a couple of observations here. Close watching of the show reveals an incredible degree of repetition in Rev. BOB'S format and presentation. His whole "MIRACLE VOW OF FAITH" (send money) pitch is based on at most three short and obscure passages of Scripture. The main story is a minor episode about a little widow woman who baked a cake for Elijah even though she was about to starve to death. She made this cake from very

meager remnants of grain and, one assumes, an unappetizing portion of sand and dust. The message here is: even (especially) if you're down on your luck, make a vow of money you don't even have TO GOD, c/o Rev. BOB (who is God's Prophet, just like Elijah). God will help you with the payments as the miracles kick in (check the mailbox for that unexpected check, etc.). That's it except for a few stray lines from Psalms, Job, and occasionally from Paul. BOB'S own personal Bible is marked for these few passages which he quotes on every show. All the rest of the Scripture employed is provided directly by GOD HIMSELF speaking through his prophet. "Sayeth the Lord!" And, say, did anyone else catch the amazing appearance of fallen Rap-superstar "Run" of Run-DMC on Tilton's show? He did a complete testimonial about how his record sales fell off and he was really desperate until he sent a "vow" to Rev. Tilton. The bit ran at least twice. Tilton seems to be a little more open to "hip" types than the usual super-conservative Televangelists. He even makes jokes about his increasingly abstract, "radical" hair-style.

The Inspirational Network, the cable remnant of Jim and Tammy's once-mighty empire, was recently purchased by a little-known Televangelist named Morris Cerullo. He also bought Heritage Village. Apparently he outbid Richard (DRACULA) Roberts and his Dad Oral for the outfit. Roberts, Tilton, and Cerullo are all miracle-workin' faith healers and seed-faithers, and have established a new "style" for the chaotic Ex-PTL channel. The fire-breathing Pastor Fletcher Brothers, whose show, hosted from FREEDOM VILLAGE, his Christian concentration camp for "troubled teens", was almost entirely devoted to exposes of SATANISM in rock music, cartoons, TV-shows, etc., has apparently been dropped.

--- CONT. ---





# CULT-TV CONTINUED...

Cerullo has taken over his slot right after Tilton. Some horrible Christian kiddie shows, like ADVENTURES IN DRY GULCH starring "Gospel Bill", and an even sleazier production which apparently employed drug-addicts and sex-offenders as "performers" (this show, whose name I have forgotten...it was on about twice...also featured a severely retarded young man as a "ventriloquist"...he was uglier than his hideous hand-made dummy and very bad, his lips moved, he drooled, etc..no kidding) have also been cancelled to free up "air time" for Cerullo's VICTORY telecast, brought to you by God's Victorious Army. I don't see how this guy can go very far. Cerullo has a penchant for shrieking at the top of his lungs, which are badly shredded: he sounds like a cackling old pirate or a stock-company witch from MACBETH. He usually only appears in "live" footage from miracle-workin' services, and there is very little follow-up on the "healed" person's progress, unlike the grateful "vowers" who appear with Tilton. The pitching sections are left to Cerullo's pathetic, aging son, who talks about what "Dad" will be up to next week, about how you can order "Dad's" tapes, etc. Mr. Cerullo the Younger does not get to yell and scream or declare crusades or perform miracle cures. He's doomed to languish in Dad's shadow. He's a disappointment. This poor guy is the most wretched televangelistic figure since Donnie Swaggart (cry-baby "fill-in" host for Jimmy during the Whorehouse Scandal) and the nameless love-child son of Pat Robertson, who filled in during his "Dad's" political misadventure. Only the reptilian Richard Roberts has managed to carve out a televangelical career comparable to that of his father. The lot of an egomaniacal televangelist's son is not an easy one.

One traditional televangeoid program which has managed a comeback of sorts, unfortunately, is Pat Robertson's 700 CLUB. Pat still heals those hemorrhoids but his show has largely shifted from the PTL/Talk-Show format to a news-show production. And this "News" is so hysterically slanted as to make the networks appear almost objective. Reports deal with the ongoing attempt of the atheistic secular-humanist conspiracy to subvert and outlaw Christianity. Currently Pat is cooperating with the Rev. Donald Wildmon and the Nazi Senator Jesse Helms in the anti-"obscenity" campaign against art, rap music, and the like. He's also running endless propaganda on far right issues like school prayer and abortion. This guy is a menace and should be opposed by all readers of OUTRAGE. He's a living argument for the taxation of religion and the suppression of Christianity (too bad the Roman pagans didn't do a more thorough job back when there was still a chance!).

On a recent 700 Club dedicated to the examination of Satanic pro-drug and sex messages in rock music, which managed to attack not only current faves like Prince but old warhorses like the Beatles and Elvis(!), Pat was joined by two former 60s rockstar guests: THE BYRDS' Roger McGuinn and Barry (EVE OF DESTRUCTION) McGuire! These two former drug-crazed burnouts have now embraced the gospel o'Jesus and came to cry and whimper while performing anemic versions of their past hits. To see such relatively once-admirable figures embrace the grinning, demonic former Armageddon Party candidate for Anti-Christ was shudderingly repellent but instructive. Hey kids: Don't make heroes out of Rock'n' Roll stars: they're unreliable and often stupid to boot!

Speaking of Armageddon, I really miss what used to be my favorite Jeezovision program, THE KING IS COMING, hosted by Dr. Howard C. Estep of World Prophetic Ministry, Colton, California, a true BAD-SAINT of CULT TV. Estep was a thin, aging PROPHET O'DOOM whose inspiring predictions of annihilation were literally diagrammed each week on an abstract glass "black-board". His message was the familiar Hal Needham/Late Great Planet Earth routine in which the Book o'Revelations was interpreted as a point-for-point prophecy of THE END TIMES, which ARE STARTING NOW. WORLD ENDS ANY MINUTE!: it's ALL IN THE BIBLE! Estep's presentation was great: he stood in a stark red-white-and-blue set, with that glass drawing-board, a stairway "leading to heaven", and a handy Bible-holdin' podium. What was inspiring about Estep was his passionate DESIRE for the END OF THE WORLD. He just couldn't wait for the cleansing rapture and purifying rain of nuclear fire. Estep was on every Sunday night on the CBN station in Boston



ANTI-HOMOEROTIC-SMUT-PREACHER  
PAT R. "Fools Around" in S. KOREA.

in the late 70s, just after Jerry Falwell. He was last seen (by me) on TRINITY cable network about 5 years ago, in a more sedate format with a younger assistant helping out with prophecy's of doom. Estep really fit the times...ten years ago, in the age of hostages, Afghanistan, and Reagan's rise to power, it was a pretty good bet that Armageddon was right around the corner. (I wish I had ordered that set of 50 prophecy booklets that he used to offer every show. You could also accompany him on a charter tour of the "lost city" of Petra in the Jordanian desert...he said this was the only safe place for the "saved" during the impending apocalypse!) ... CAN'T



DR. HOWARD C. ESTEP<sup>BC</sup>  
OF CH. 25's "THE  
KING IS COMING!"  
SUN, 10:00 PM - WATCH IT!



## CULT CONFESSIONS CONT..

I spoke to Estep on the phone once, and was disappointed to find him rather impatient and suspicious (can't imagine why!). I hope he hasn't passed away and missed the end of the world he looked forward to with such certainty and enthusiasm. You can get an idea of his basic presentation by watching GOD'S NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS on The Inspirational Network. The old crank who hosts this show is rather pathetic, still expecting the imminent outbreak of WW3, forced every day to debunk the evidence of Glasnost and the fall of Communism in Eastern Europe. It's all a fraud to this guy. "It's later than you think!!!" The big map behind the "news desk" remains green except for the RED STAIN that envelopes Russia and Eastern Europe. You can still buy prophecy books which explain how the assassination of Sadat was the beginning of World War III! Maybe the world has ALREADY ENDED but we all MISSED IT!! Find out: Watch GOD'S NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS while you still can!

### PRODUCT SHOWS AND "INFOMERCIALS":

The so-called "INFOMERCIAL" phenomenon has recently received a smattering of press coverage, in the wake of hearings in Congress and an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission into possibly "misleading" elements in these show-length commercials which take the form of News and Talk-shows. If you're a regular reader of THE MAGAZINE FROM VENUS you already knew about these mutations of program and commercial, which were discussed in ZONTAR # 7 by this author. That article concerned itself with the origins of this sort of mutated propaganda in the HERBALIFE programs of the early-to-mid-80s (I vividly recall an HERBALIFE "special" which featured the horror of WAYNE NEWTON). What concerned me then was the "cultic" aspect of the infomercial shows: a phenomenon described as the CULT of the PRODUCT. On many of the product shows, the testimonials for such products as LINDA CHAE COSMETICS are presented as cleansing experiences of personal salvation. The parallel with the miracle-healin' testimonials on Christian shows like SUCCESS'N'LIFE is total. On LINDA'S show (and others), "NEW AGE" trance-music plays constantly during scenes of instruction and transformation, with the obvious aim of hypnotizing the viewer into unconscious belief in THE PRODUCT.

Other shows use more mundane formats. If you're puzzled by Robert Vaughn as a "Consumer Newscaster", then what about the ever popular STRAIGHT TALK woman's talk-show, hosted by ERIN GRAY, ex-Wilma Deering of TV's hideous BUCK ROGERS show? This is on almost all the time, but it seems there's only one episode, the one featuring anti-cellulite crusader ANUSCHKA. I've examined the formal properties of this show already (in #7). It mixes a bizarre variety of "acting" styles among its "guests" with Ms. Gray's horrified, desperate display of humiliation. The "ads" which "interrupt" the show are in the LINDA tradition, with hypnotic, repetitive piano-tones accompanying the scantily-clad model who smears the stuff on her thin-thin thighs in loving closeup. These "breaks" are far more effective than the ghostly "talk-show" they "sponsor".

No such formal problems plague the latest of the "NEW AGE"/CULT oriented INFO-SHOWS: RICHARD SIMMON'S DEAL-A-MEAL. This one is appallingly and shamelessly emotional in its exploitative appeal of the fears and insecurities of fat people in a thinness-obsessed society. Richard appears in a post-modern set representing his "home", complete with a little painted view out the window. He takes a call from a panic stricken follower, who seems to be the verge of suicide as a result of a weightloss crisis. "Don't worry" says the concerned Richard: "you can make it, I'm standing by for you." I guess Richard is on-call 24 hours for any of his emotionally-disturbed bingers. The rest of the show is devoted to a series of interviews with successful deal-a-mealers, conducted while sitting on the floor of Richard's "home-studio". In these comfortable, unthreatening "rap"-sessions, the "DEAL-A-MEALERS" are accompanied by "significant others" and other family members. To add to the atmosphere of maudlin intimacy, Richard's brother is one of the "saved" dieters. They are even joined by their mother, who you've seen on the repellant "SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES 2" ads. Watching this half-hour is rather like being smothered to death under a pile of saccharinely-perfumed pink throw-pillows while soothing new-age Muzak plays endlessly. This is seductive, CULT-TV brainwashing of the most dangerous and revolting kind.

# Arvin TV

VISIBLE VALUE

You can see the difference!



The proliferation of these half-hour info-shows is truly amazing. I can't bear watching the half-hour "seminar" shows on real estate investment or positive-thinking type stuff. As soon as I see those mustachioed hucksters hyping against a backdrop of palm-trees and surf, I have to switch the channel. We can only hope that the current real-estate crunch (on the East Coast at least) will hasten the fall of these scumballs as it has that of

## About Ben Kinchlow...

Ben Kinchlow is the co-host of "The 700 Club" and is a popular speaker throughout the United



States and Canada. A one-time Black Muslim, Ben held a third degree belt in Karate and was a high-speed test driver. Prior to joining CBN he directed an organization that rehabilitated drug addicts and alcoholics.

... BUT WHERE IS HE NOW ?!!





megamoguls like Trump. There's also a show about impotence that's truly unwatchable. And the unspeakable John Davidson seems to be selling everything, including Dr. Feder's wrinkle treatment: he's one nightmare-creature who seems to have been artificially bred for this sort of show. Wolfman Jack's ghastly SOLID GOLD ROCK'N'ROLL show is a tape-package hype that includes some of the all-time worst "musical" numbers ever staged: including a little girl "dancing" to ITSY BITSY TEENY WEENY etc. etc. which just might qualify as child-abuse (it's much worse than the so-called "child-porn" of Robert Mapplethorpe).

But the most significant development in the INFO-SHOWS must be the new multi-episode programs. Unlike single-episode "series"-like STRAIGHT TALK, the multi-episode programs actually vary, however minimally. There was an older continuing show starring a blonde "hostess" which dealt alternately with Vicky LaMotta wrinkle-cream and get-rich-quick schemes, whose name (if there was one) has escaped me, but this series has disappeared. Much more effectively produced, and practically unavoidable, is a new series from Hollywood, AMAZING DISCOVERIES. This "show" is hosted by one MIKE LEVY, a young man who wears glasses and truly hideous sweaters, and looks and acts like nothing so much as a grotesque character played by SCTV's Dave Thomas. On each show, "MIKE" is joined by a different product-pitching hysteric. Two of the most frequently run "editions" feature a pair of diminutive, hyper-active English hard-sell artists who run all over the set with Mike, wiping away dirt and grime with a miracle-cleaner called "Astonish", or a miracle car-wax that resists flaming lighter-fluid, as the audience of appreciative onlookers cheers and applauds their antics. Mike "pretends" to be sceptical, putting "THE PRODUCT" to the "AMAZING DISCOVERIES CHALLENGE". But he also adds plugs for THE PRODUCT to his banter in a truly forked-tongued performance. The "Astonish" show is a model of facile fraudulence: THE PRODUCT is constantly promoted as "environmentally safe" without the slightest justification, at one point "MIKE" holds up a copy of USA TODAY (noted journalistic paradigm of truth) which has NOTHING to do with the product in a blatant attempt to mislead.

Other "editions" of "A.D." have featured pitches for WHITER TEETH and AMAZING MEMORY POWER, but these shows are much less "entertaining" than the Brit-shows. A fourth "edition", concerned with Astrology, of all things, has only aired occasionally, I saw it once. It ended with a disclaimer, "For Entertainment Use Only", which I must admit I found amusing. I wish they were forced to use this on all the...

#### "NEW AGE" CULT SHOWS:

The original and unbeatable "NEW AGE" show was undoubtedly "JOSEPH CAMPBELL AND THE POWER OF MYTH", a horrifying and dangerous program which shows perpetually on PBS during pledge-weeks. I reviewed this show at length in the last issue of EJECTA-POD. Other shows on PBS which would qualify include a number of other BILL MOYERS specials (one which featured a "Men's Therapy" guru who instructed grown men in the healing benefits of crying like spoiled infants) have mercifully not "caught on" like the Nazi-istic Campbell. Leo Buscaglia, another "inspirational" speaker popular on PBS, is also roughly in this category.

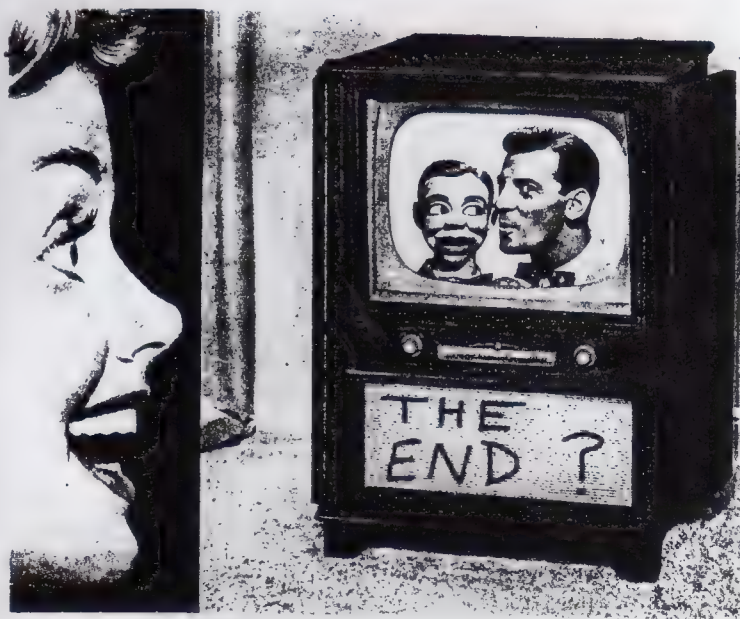
Luckily for me, I happen to live in one of the "NEW AGE" capitals of the world, Northampton, Mass., where any sort of holistic healer or psychic schlockmeister can succeed at making a good living off of smilin', brainless idiots who will believe anything. This is a college town, so many of these people are undoubtedly teaching the next generation in our "higher" education system, which is a pretty frightening development. TRULY, we need the WISDOM OF THE MASTER ZONTAR NOW MORE THAN EVER.

On our local cable "public-access" channel, a number of "NEW AGE" talkshows appear quite regularly. My favorite of these shows is METAPHYSICALLY SPEAKING, which I mentioned briefly in my JOSEPH CAMPBELL piece last time. "M.S." is hosted by Carol Voeth-Lavoie, a local "NEW-AGE" type, and is dedicated to "bringing you a more balanced and holistic lifestyle". The sponsors are Astrological Research outfits, New-Age Healing centers, and merchants who sell crystals and trance-tapes. Sometimes Carol has guests on her show: Macrobiotic cook-book writers, local assistant professors doing research on "The Goddess". Best are Carol's own shows, where she does her low-budget Joe Campbell imitation. Remember how Campbell would tell Bill some stupid myth and a series of drawings would appear to illustrate the story while he spoke? Well, on "M.S." Carol does the same routine, but reads the story from a children's book she takes out from the public library, which she holds up to SHOW THE PICTURES. Just like UNCLE JOE, she also provides us with her own unique "interpretations" of these fairy-tales: invariably, it's the quest for enlightenment and contentment within

the SELF.

What is truly great and transcendently ENLIGHTENING about Carol's spontaneous and endearingly cheezy presentations is the instant deconstruction of the slick technique of the SINISTER NEW AGE "YODA" CAMPBELL into its pathetically obvious essence. Thus METAPHYSICALLY SPEAKING performs the same BAD-TRUTH REVELATORY function for CULT TV as the GREAT BADFILMS do for the anaesthetizing big-budget films which we DESPISE. In its cheapness, its obviousness, its antidotal narco-mystical BADNESS, METAPHYSICALLY SPEAKING, unlike so much of CULT TV, is OF THE MASTER.

B. CURRAN '90





# MEN IN BLACK



Flying saucers tumble down the visible spectrum like falling leaves from a place where legend lives. Names, dates, places, even hard physical evidence, become useless in a muddle of monsters and a mystical realization of deep-seated fears. UFO events take on the personality of the witness, subjective experiences often paralleled but rarely duplicated. For every friendly, dome-headed E.T. there is a growling, swarthy dwarf to overturn pickup trucks and send drivers fleeing bettered into the night. The experience derives much from the mind of the witness, and where the mind lives in a culture of political intrigue and covert action the benefactors and malefactors personify that culture.

You just saw a saucer land in the woods behind your home. You sit stunned, wondering what to do, who you can tell, when the phone rings. A strangely accented voice warns with veiled threats against revealing what you have seen. No-one could know about it, but the Men In Black know. They always know.

Enormous black cars of indeterminate make cruise the night roads bearing trios of short and swarthy black-clad agents, their eyes concealed behind unusually tinted glasses. They stand stiffly, almost uncomfortably at the doors of shocked citizens who, only minutes before, have witnessed events explicable only in terms of flying saucers. With oddly fixed smiles they warn of the inadvisability of publicity. Their credentials, if presented, are of an unknown governmental agency. The uniformed officer who, on occasion, they accompany, is of as dubious an origin as they. Knowing too much too soon, they name the members of your family with dark implication. It is YOU who know too much, and who stand to suffer if that knowledge is revealed.

The Men In Black gladly shoulder the burden of a thousand evils. Their black cars swarm through areas where sightings suddenly become commonplace, on the scene just before major calamity and just after isolated landings. The

"mysterious" death of a noted UFO investigator is laid at their feet and they confirm by failing to deny. They busily mislead, misdirect and threaten those who, but for those threats, might pass off their sightings as too much of yesterday's spaghetti.

What, then, is their sinister purpose? To suppress or to spread confusion? To frighten witnesses into silence or back-handedly spur them on to reveal the escalating mystery into which the innocent are plunged?

The Men In Black is but one of a new host of creatures of legend, kindly or malicious, familiar or stunningly incomprehensible, which have crept in through the cracks of our supposedly stable reality, leaving a wake of mystery compounded by rumor and delusion. They are here, if they are here, as a factor just as vital to the structure of the legend as the beautiful Space-Brother or the miniature alien biologist. They are the part of the tale which warns of knowing too much, and worse, of telling what you know.





OH BOY!

# SEX and CRIME ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

SHOCKING! PART 2

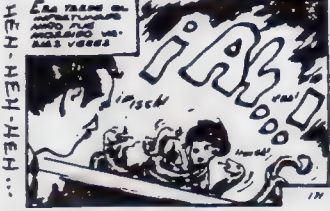
IN SPANISH FOR YOU TO SEE!!

Police and True Confession titles have...  
 Police and True Confession titles have all the enjoyable features of the supernatural books (see last issue) except the supernatural bits. Death comes mostly by gunshot, but the sexy gals are just as numerous. El Libro Policiaco, in full color, presents stories from imaginary police organisations in Miami,

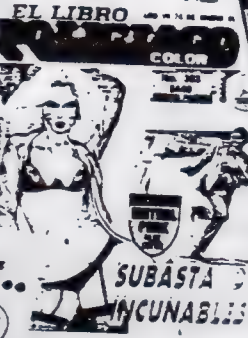
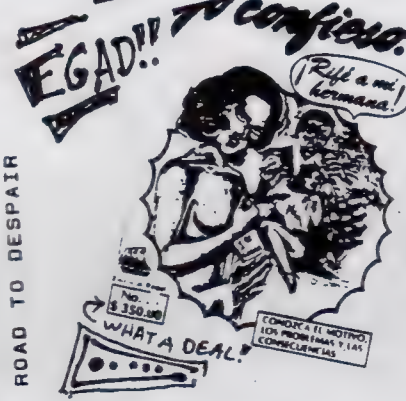
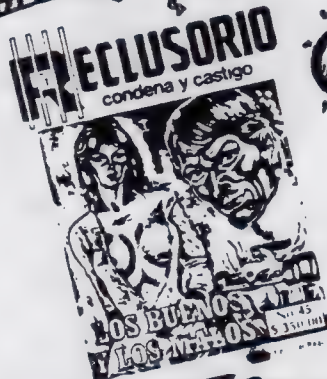
AN EXAMPLE TO US ALL



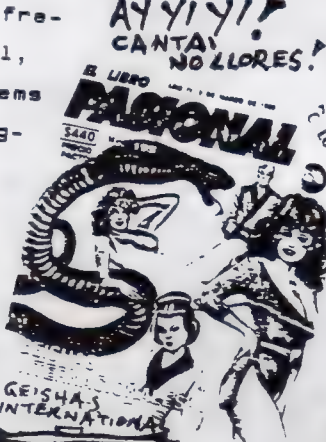
New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Chicago, all reliably standard in results with criminals consistently killed or captured. Here and in the monochrome La Novela Policiaca there seems to be no policy against pre-marital or interracial sex. Unusual themes do pop up, such as computer viruses and mind-control cults, but common crime and drug themes prevail. Cocaine is a frequent cause of downfall, but marijuana never seems to appear, even in drug-smuggling stories.



HOMICIDAL CHILD MEETS END IN SNAKE PIT



RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER AND COLORED CHAUFFEUR



The real fun sin comes from smaller publishers, in titles like "I Confess..." "The Lockup," "Crime!" and the amazing "Prohibited Themes of the Human Passions," which opens and closes with comment by a cartoon psychiatrist. In the torrid tale, "Incest Between Father and Daughter," a philandering hubby finds his passions aroused by a gal at work who is the very image of his dear daughter. Their fling ends when he finds her in another's arms, and he returns home to learn that his wife has left him, prompting a binge on his part. Distraught papa finds lingerie-clad daughter only too happy to share the bottle, with disastrous results.

WOWEE!!





COMFORTED BY A GHOST

CUERPOS Y ALMAS



Lower on the fun scale come El Libro Sentimental, Te Rogamos Señor (I Beseech thee, Lord) and literary/historical stuff like Gems of Literature, and Men and Heroes. It's strictly low-key here with lots of turbulent emotion and junk like that which you can get in real life for free. Some interest is aroused by odd situations; a baby is kept alive by a stray dog in the earthquake-shattered ruins of a Mexico City apartment building, a son must pull his mother's coffin through crowds of revelers during carnival, and Cleopatra bathes often.

AND IF YOU THINK THAT'S BAD... THE TRUE HORROR IS YET TO COME IN... IT CAME FROM ITALY!!!

IT AIN'T OVER YET, GRAMMA!!



NOT 4 THE KIDS!!

WE DO NOT ADVISE OR CONDONE THE DECAPITATION OF WOMEN, NUDE OR CLOTHED.

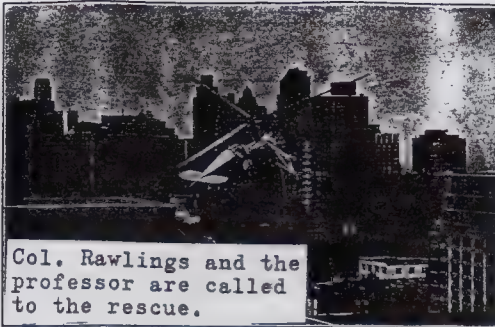
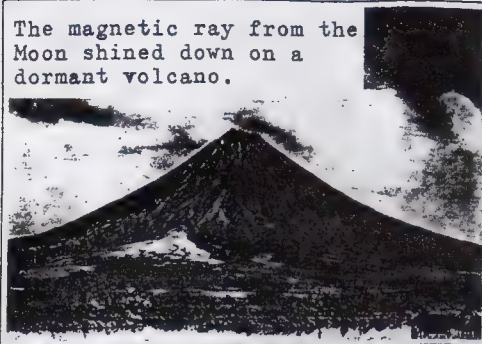


# AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

"DEADLY MOONLIGHT"

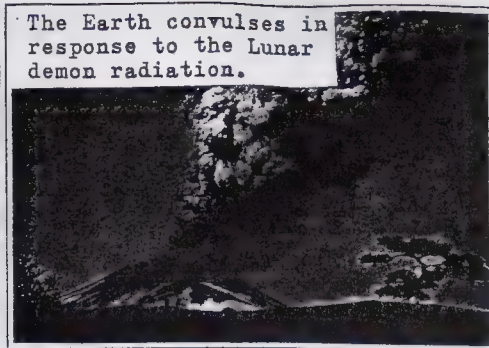
Ahmed Fishmonger

The magnetic ray from the Moon shined down on a dormant volcano.



Col. Rawlings and the professor are called to the rescue.

The Earth convulses in response to the Lunar demon radiation.



## AHMED FISHMONGER: HOAX OR MADMAN?

Very few of the urbane readers of "Auto-Gyro Gentlemen's Quarterly" knew, or for that matter cared, about the checked and befuddling history of the be-fezed creator of Aviators of Tomorrow. Some may remember the visionary Newark Canal Project, or the abortive Painted Desert Airborne Diorama, but all would have at least a hazy memory of his greatest project: The Hydrolic Brain. This early "computer" was a landmark in the field of dead-end technology.

Towering 14 stories above the Iowa cornfields, it became the "Gyro Navigation Beacon of Middle America" with its massive billows of dusky coal soot by day, and its warm and friendly red glowing sky at night. 20 freight trains full of the finest high sulfur #9 coal arrived both day and night in its heyday to fuel it, bolstering a sagging economy still reeling from the phantom gas works scandal. 47 out-of-work rubber workers were imported from Akron, Ohio to feed the 17 hungry boilers. 13 large rooms crammed with valves, gauges and pneumatic hydroengines were worked by 26 junior technicians.

Deep within the inferno stood the control tower; herein the Brain Masters, as Fishmonger colorfully called them, coaxed the levers and pulleys, switches and pedals that directed the complex in its ordained task.

For 15 long months, the team labored with Fishmonger commanding via runners from a posh pub next to the Aviatrux Hall some 60 miles from the site. However, even after 37 major overhauls, the brain proved incapable of even the simplest mathematical computations. Soon the Leviathan complex was converted into the massive Manifest Destiny Distilleries, "Home of the Bottle with the Fez on the Label," the second largest producers of bourbon in the land at that time. The amber glow of "Fishmonger's Finest" helped to make the hard life of subjugating the Wild West less painful, and for many years countless hardened Indian fighters would shed a bitter tear of loss because of its absorption into the International Old Pal Trust in 1937. Fishmonger disappeared from public life and devoted himself to graphic experiments--of which Aviators of Tomorrow is but one of many. Although his fate remains a mystery, his silver auto-gyro was implicated in the rash of bourbon bottle accidents throughout the city...

- J. J. '90 -

# AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

"AN ALIEN DEALT WITH"

Ahmed Fishmonger

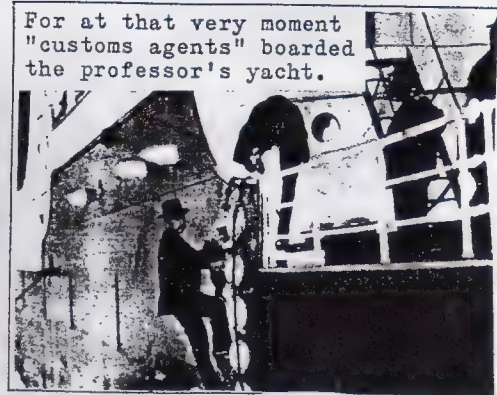
In a last desperate shove Rawlings pushed the Lunar agent from the plane!



And with utmost speed, they made for the port of San Francisco.



For at that very moment "customs agents" boarded the professor's yacht.



# AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

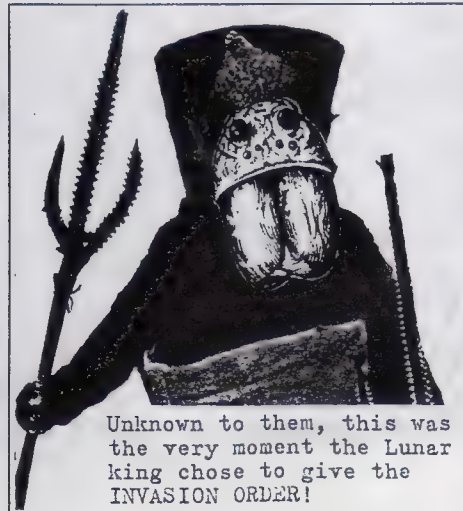
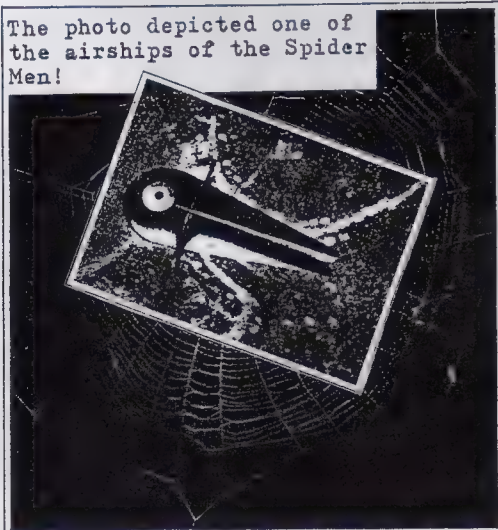
"AN ODD PICTURE"

Ahmed Fishmonger

The professor handed a picture to Max Feingold.



The photo depicted one of the airships of the Spider Men!



Unknown to them, this was the very moment the Lunar king chose to give the INVASION ORDER!





*Love,  
Tammy Faye*

FROM HER SHORT  
LIVED SHOPPING  
MAIL MINISTRY  
"AFTER THE  
FALL" -  
READ  
IN  
WONDER!

THANKS TO REV. DAVE MITCHELL - HEADLINES  
MAG-PO BOX 5094 WINTERHILL FL. 32793

I did not know that people could be so cruel! I did not know that people could be so kind. I did not know that friends could turn so completely against you. I did not know that friends would never be going home again. I watched on television the take over of a ministry I had helped to birth. I sat stunned as I listened to unbelievable lies, coming from the mouth of a man I had believed to be a Christian. "Jim, I screamed, how can he lie like that." My heart was in my throat as I listened to him call my husband every dirty thing I had ever heard. I had never heard a Christian talk like the man I was watching. He was the new leader of P.T.L. he said. It was like a horrible nightmare! Surely I would wake up and everything would be alright. The shock that was continually registered on Jim's face as he watched and listened was a terrible thing to behold! It looked to me like his dark hair was turning grey overnight. My stomach was so sick all the time I could not even swallow. "Here Tammy, have half a sandwich." "No, I can't," became my standard answer. I didn't want to wake up in the morning. I prayed to die! Where was God! Did He care that I was hurting so bad. Did He care that Jim lie, curled up in a fetal position for hour after hour. Did He care that Jamie Charles was begging to go home to Charlotte to see his little friends. Did He care that Tammy Sue in desperation had run away! Did He care that we were going to have to sell everything, our house, our car, to survive! Did God care! Oh God, do you care that my stomach hurts so bad!

It hit like a bomb! My whole world flew to pieces in the space of three hours. One minute I was getting ready to go home from California after a long illness, the next day I realized I would never be going home again. I watched on television the take over of a ministry I had helped to birth. I sat stunned as I listened to unbelievable lies, coming from the mouth of a man I had believed to be a Christian. "Jim, I screamed, how can he lie like that." My heart was in my throat as I listened to him call my husband every dirty thing I had ever heard. I had never heard a Christian talk like the man I was watching. He was the new leader of P.T.L. he said. It was like a horrible nightmare! Surely I would wake up and everything would be alright. The shock that was continually registered on Jim's face as he watched and listened was a terrible thing to behold! It looked to me like his dark hair was turning grey overnight. My stomach was so sick all the time I could not even swallow. "Here Tammy, have half a sandwich." "No, I can't," became my standard answer. I didn't want to wake up in the morning. I prayed to die! Where was God! Did He care that I was hurting so bad. Did He care that Jim lie, curled up in a fetal position for hour after hour. Did He care that Jamie Charles was begging to go home to Charlotte to see his little friends. Did He care that Tammy Sue in desperation had run away! Did He care that we were going to have to sell everything, our house, our car, to survive! Did God care! Oh God, do you care that my stomach hurts so bad!

Falwell says you've got to move out of the parsonage immediately! I heard those words and terror gripped my heart. It was real! I had to move my family out of the only home we had known for years. We had raised our children there, we had put our marriage back together in that house. Max and Snuggles and Muffie our dogs were there, playing in their yard! Tinkerbell and Hooter, our kittens were there. It was also their house. I thought of our bedroom, our place! My little sitting room where for the last nine years I had gotten ready every day to do the Jim and Tammy Show. My little place of refuge where I ran when things got too tough. What would I do without "my place." I thought of our bed, where the plans to build the crystal palace were still laying. I thought of all the plans that had lain on that bed. Plans for the Heritage Grand Hotel, the plans for the girls home, the plans for Fort Hope, the plans for Farm Village and Kevins House. The grand tower plans and the plans for a retirement village . . . . . Jim would scan them by the hour as I lay next to him reading, watching television or getting ready for the next day of shows. How I longed for my bed! The place of safety for me. Our place of rest after a hard day. How could a man named Falwell take that from me! Did he not understand about home, about children, about dogs and kittens . . . . . I cried till I could cry no more as I moved us out of our house. The courts were there to make sure we didn't take anything that belonged to the ministry. They went through all of the boxes as we packed them, and with red marking pens put marks on our furniture that will never come off. "This cannot

be the United States of America," I sobbed. Please let me take our bed! Please don't make me leave our bed! I thought of the Jewish people, being thrown from their homes in Russia and I knew how they felt! What had they done to deserve such terrible treatment. What had we done? Why . . . Why . . . . . The house was finally emptied of nine years of living. I could not bring myself to leave! I had to spend one more night in my place. Just one more night! As I lay on the floor in the dark, empty room I had known for so many years Tuppins, my puppy, licked at the tears running down my face and dripping on the floor, "Oh Tuppins," I sobbed, "Why has God forsaken me?" The next morning I walked away. "Oh how I wish that my arms were long enough to hug you dear house," I cried.

Someone's car drove me to Gatlinburg, Tennessee. At least we, unlike the poor Jewish people, had a place to go I thought as we drove along. Three hours later our car pulled up in front of the Gatlinburg garage. Nine years of boxes flooded out of that garage. There amidst them stood my desperately tired husband. I flew into his arms. We stood there not knowing what to do, not even knowing what to say to each other. We just stood and looked at the mountain of boxes that needed to be unpacked into that little house that was already full. It looked like an impossible job, and my stomach hurt so bad! The song I had sung to others so many times came to my mind. "You can make it, You can make it, I don't care what's going wrong, your God won't let it last too long, for you're not in this thing alone, You can make it." We unpacked for days! Jamie's toys, Slissy's little girl things, pots and pans, dishes, knick knacks of every description. They brought back memories of my frequent trips to the Charlotte flea market . . . clothes, shoes, purses, my Jim and Tammy Show wardrobe. On and on . . . it seemed like it would never end! I walked out to get another box and there stood Jim crying as if his heart would break. I looked and he was unpacking his office. His beautiful office, reduced to a few cardboard boxes. Falwell had not even let him back into his office building so he could pack his own office. It was the first time he had gotten a chance to see his things . . . . . I quickly left. His hurt was too bad to watch. I heard a terrible thud! The book shelves we had just loaded with books had fallen down and the books were lying all over the floor. A true picture of our lives I thought! Jim found me later sitting in the middle of them crying . . . still crying! Would the crying never end? Oh God, Please help me. I've prayed that prayer a thousand times. It was a few days later that Jim informed me that we no longer owned the Gatlinburg house. I didn't even care, I didn't even care, I didn't even care . . . . . You can only hurt so bad, the threshold of pain only goes so deep and then it's just pain . . . . . it's just pain!

It's been over a year now and we are still alive! The tears don't come as often anymore. They come at unexpected times. A familiar face, a voice, someone comes up and says, "I love you," I never know when it could happen. In the car, at the shopping center, or just at home cleaning our new little house.

Sometimes anger still overwhelms me as I think of the unfairness of the situation. But who ever said that life was fair? I think often of how do you restore a reputation that has been so severely damaged by other people's lies. Then I think of the verse in the Bible that says "And He made Himself of no reputation." We certainly are no better than Him!

Jim has made it through by reading his Bible thru time and time again. I still have a hard time reading the Bible. My songs have helped me to make it through. Songs like "God's Not Through Blessing You." The words are: "A man one day lost every dime to his name. His best friends even said he was through. But God said, Job, your best days are just ahead, for God's not through blessing you!" I always think that Jim's initials are JOB. And, I think of the end of Job. The Bible says that the end of Job was far greater than his beginning. Job said, "Though God slay me yet will I trust Him." God gave Job twice as much as he had before, the Bible says. Maybe someday there will be two Heritage USAs. Two PTLs . . . . .

I think I've learned what faith is. I think it simply means "don't worry"! So, I try not to worry and to leave the outcome of our lives in the hands of God. He created the whole world in seven days. Surely taking care of Jim and me and the kids can't be that hard a job for Him.

Do I worry that the people now in control of PTL say we can never return? NO! Mere mortal words have nothing whatsoever to do with God's plan for our lives. Whether we go back or not remains in God's hands and His alone.

One of the songs on my new album says: "We're walking on the edge of a miracle, those walls are coming down, this is the seventh day and it's the seventh time around. So shout the shouts of victory as you hear that trumpet sound, for we're walking on the edge of a miracle and those walls ARE COMING DOWN!"

This record was born out of great hurt and almost unbearable suffering. But I thank God that He has promised "Victory is Ours!"

I would like to take this opportunity to say thank you to a man named Jeff Franklin who paid for the production of my new album. At a time when I felt I could never sing again, nor did I ever want to sing again, he came into our lives. I will never forget the first few faltering notes that came from my throat in that recording studio. I will never forget the moment the notes and words ceased to come from my throat and began to surge from my inner most being. The Bible says that "out of your inner most being shall flow rivers of living water." I trust the words to these songs will become living water to your soul, as they did to mine.

I would love so much to share with you the music that meant so much to me during a very trying time, a very hurting time in my life.

*Love,  
Tammy Faye*

P.S.  
Jeff says that he will be releasing the record in about 30 days. We will get it to you as soon as we possibly can upon release.





# THE CLOWN



*The clown, figure of pathos and of fun, is the true aristocrat of the circus. His bizarre make-up and attire have not changed for centuries.*

by Jeffrey Holland ...

How many times have you experienced a twinge of fear welling up just beyond the borderline of the subconscious, an unnameable DREAD pulling on your nerves like a hunchback pulling a bell rope, and all because of the seemingly harmless yet leering death's-head visage of a...clown??

Clowns permeate our culture despite the fact that few pay any attention to them. Most everyone seems bored and disinterested with clowns these days, and tends to tune them out. But what lurks under the greasepaint?

There are essentially 3 kinds of clowns: 'good' ones, 'evil' ones, and just plain useless and boring ones. I include the third category out of statistical certainty they must exist, though I have yet to encounter a unremarkable clown.

In my research I have encountered many clowns of various alignment. In Atlanta I encountered a femininely androgynous clown aboard the Subway. She or he was an extremely psychedelic clown with a THIRD EYE painted on the forehead, and s/he smiled and radiated a powerful sense of energy, joy, and happiness. Robert Anton Wilson says in his COSMIC TRIGGER that the mystic Sufis are 'notorious for disguising themselves as clowns'. Could I have been facing just such a specimen? Or maybe s/he was just wearing pheromone cologne....

In New Orleans I found many clowns who were just the opposite. I could feel the 'bad vibes' coiling outward from them. Mean, scary face paint, slouching around and shaking maracas in the faces in small children and scaring the shit out of them, frowning and glaring, yes, these were clowns with BAD ATTITUDES. This was long before I became an ardent observer of clowndom, and I thought little about it. One mean clown in particular I remember in the French Quarter had a thick growth of stubble poking through his face paint and was chomping a cigar, reminding me of Obnoxio The Clown of CRAZY magazine.

The scariest clown I have seen by far, however, was recently in Lexington, Kentucky. Horrendously evil-looking face paint and passing out religious tracts. I cursed myself for not carrying any Subgenius literature on me to give in return, as I usually do. The tract he handed me in grim silence was "Facts about Card Playing", a very primitive fundamentalist rant about the satanic power of playing cards. I was well pleased to see a weird clown and get a new tract to add to my library of kook literature, all in one stroke.

Then I saw a man toss his tract to the sidewalk after encountering the clown. I ran to pick it up. It was "Life After Death?", a KRISHNA TRACT! I stood upstreet from the clown and stopped a couple more people who had received literature from the clown. One had received a Christian tract denouncing television, and the other got a page that had been ripped out of the Book of Mormon!

I ran to a friend's apartment who had some SubG propaganda. He drove us both back there and we gave the clown a copy of "Eternal Salvation or your Money Back!", with a copy of KDV's "What is...IT?" tucked inside. His eyes lit up and he laughed an evil laugh of recognition, and tucked it inside a side pouch of the black duffel bag full of tracts he was carrying, turned away from us and refused to answer us or acknowledge our presence further. We sat watching him from a distance for awhile, and finally gave it up and left.

Neither I nor anyone else I know in Lexington has ever seen the clown before or since that day. None of the few Subs or quasiSubs in the area claim to know anything about it.

Of course, the first thing that entered our minds was the "Bozo Cult" of Subgenius legend. Whoever the clown was knew who "Bob" was. Probably a Rogue Subgenius, I decided, since the Bozo Cult doesn't REALLY exist. Or does it? This clown stuff gets pretty creepy and conspiratorial after awhile. Is it all really just a recycled



**CORRUPT GOVERNOR**



**CROOKED GENERAL**



**RUTHLESS SCIENTIST**



# THE CLOWN by Holland, CONT.

Firesign Theater routine, or is it something more? Either way, it's probably becoming a self-fulfilling prophecy anyway.

There IS a sort of "International Clown's Union". I've been told, and there are subgroups within the group, each with different angles and purposes, and many with codes and vows of secrecy. Kinda like Freemasonry for Clowns and mimes. And then one remembers the Shriners, who employ clowns copiously in their events and newsletter graphics, and who frequently sponsor circuses....

In Sudan, two neighboring tribes, the BOZO and the DOGON, live in conditions just above the stone age; yet they know in jaw-dropping detail exact mathematical data regarding astronomy, especially the star Sirius, which is impossible to see without powerful telescopes. Other writers have delved into this mystery in detail. We shall concern ourselves here with these savvy savages who claim their knowledge of the stars has been passed down in legend since the visit of "people from the sky" long, long ago.

Absurd though it may sound, consider for a moment: an African tribe called the Bozo, who have compelling evidence toward a visit by extraterrestrials. This tribe, like many others, employs extremely clownlike masks and makeup in its ceremonies. A recent film came out called "Killer Klowns from Outer Space". The film is a disappointing attempt to make a cult film by idiots who haven't a clue how, but the clowns themselves are quite effectively frightening, and one line in particular shone through the dreck - someone theorizes that the "Ancient Astronauts" that supposedly visited and guided Earth in ancient times LOOKED LIKE CLOWNS, and our tradition of clowns are but a dim buried memory of the past. Sometimes I almost believe it.

Tracing the clown's development through history, we find it blurs and dovetails with Druid and Pagan ritual performers, devices in ballet and puppetry based on those same rituals, and "The Fool", an amalgam of early clown traditions, employing often dark comedy, and traditionally thought of in a King's court setting, entertaining the royalty. The Fool, or Jester, often employed card tricks to amuse the audience. Today they are seen in practically every deck of playing cards as "The Joker" and in the "Fool" in Tarot.

An interesting coincidence comes from the comic book and TV show BATMAN, with its evil clown, The Joker, who is actually quite a Discordian kind of guy worth studying in his own right. A few years ago acid-funk performer Prince adopted the Joker's wardrobe to a T except for the green hair. Nobody seemed to notice the connection. It has been speculated that Prince is a member of the Sufi, or a Sufi-like movement. There is much in Prince's lyrics to back this up, and it all brings us back to the Sufi/Clown connection. Clowns also appear often in Prince's albums and in his films.

As I said, Clowns are everywhere in society despite general boredom with them, and many of them, I'm sure, are just regular nice guys out to sell balloons and entertain kids. But if we keep our eyes open, we find more than we expect. Good advice would probably be not to be alone with a clown at any time, even if its in the mens room at the goddamn county fair. Also I would caution the reader against consuming any food, snack, or drink handed you by a clown, especially one of dubious nature. For every handful of Larry "Bozo" Harmon friendly clowns out there, there also lurks an evil "Pennywise", as seen in Stephen King's "It" (check out the Prince song of the same name!), or John Wayne Gacy, the evil clown who .... well, YOU know.

## ADDENDUM:

The above article was written in February 1989 specifically for KOOKS magazine but never sent. Since then, several events have come to pass. Foremost is the film BATMAN, with Jack Nicholson as the killer clown The Joker, and with a soundtrack by none other than Prince himself! I've also been told that several SubGeniuses worked on the "Killer Klowns" film. Though I've warmed to the film a bit more, I still maintain that it is a prime example of how DELIBERATE badfilm is doomed to failure, as Ivan Stang himself has noted. Lastly, the pantheistic clown of Lexington has not been spotted again, but I like the concept so much, I'm considering taking up where he left off, and I urge others to do the same in their towns.



EVIL TYCOON



IMMORAL MINISTER

## JOHN WAYNE GACY



## PAINTINGS

Opening

February 10 8:00 — 11:00 P.M.  
The Primal Plunge 107 Brighton Ave Allston

## In Boston, Portrait of Mass Murderer as Artist

By VICTORIA WHITE

Special to The New York Times

BOSTON, Feb. 17 — Cheery cartoon colors and Walt Disney characters dominate an exhibition of eight paintings that was opened here, the organizers say, to challenge taboos.

"But it is not the art that strikes at the sense of propriety. It is the artist, John Wayne Gacy, who is on death row in Illinois for the sex-related killing of 33 boys and young men."

The paintings are owned by Jeri Rossi, an Illinois native who began corresponding with Mr. Gacy about a year ago because he "is part of my folklore." She is trying to sell the works

through an exhibit at the Primal Plunge, an alternative bookstore in the Allston section of Boston.

"The whole point is that there are people who say it would be appalling to show his paintings," Miss Rossi said. "But they don't perhaps see that when they drink a Classic Coke they're supporting the apartheid regime. I'm not making any political judgments. I'm just looking at these things, and I find it fascinating."

"People have mixed feelings about it," Miss Rossi said of the exhibit. "And that's the way it should be."

There is nothing unspeakable or nightmarish about any of the eight

paintings. The Seven Dwarfs march off to work in idyllic spring and autumn settings. Doleful clowns peer out from the canvases. Even the more somber paintings, which depict Jesus, a skull and a witch head, do not appear eerie.

Mr. Gacy has been imprisoned at Menard State Penitentiary since 1980 when he was convicted of the killings. He began painting about five years ago, Miss Rossi said, and now spends much of his time at it.

The paintings here cost from \$50 to \$150. Mr. Gacy's work has also been shown in Chicago, Los Angeles and Phoenix, Miss Rossi said.

Michael McInnis, owner of the

Primal Plunge, said he was ambivalent when Miss Rossi, a friend, approached him about displaying the paintings. "I don't really have any strong reactions about it one way or another," he said.

### Few Viewers, One Taker

"A person can splash some paint on the canvas and then sell it for thousands and thousands of dollars and people call it art," Mr. McInnis said. "This stuff isn't great, but it's the same thing. It's just a commodity."

More than 150 people attended the exhibit opening on Feb. 10, but since then only a dozen people or so have come to see the paintings, Mr. McInnis said. One work has been sold.

The exhibit continues through June. "Nobody has been violently outraged by it," Mr. McInnis said. "A few people

have had their misgivings about the show and then come up to see the paintings, and a lot of people have changed their minds. They realize the paintings aren't going to come out and grab them or anything like that."

### 'Living an Artist's Dream'

Eric S. Orner, a freelance artist who is also art director for New England Business magazine, said he is angry at the criminal justice system, not at the exhibitors of Mr. Gacy's paintings.

"Ten years after being convicted, Gacy is living an artist's dream," said Mr. Orner. "He has all the time to enjoy painting that he wants without having to worry about paying the rent or where his next meal is coming from. And I think that's despicable."

## NOTE:

WE REALLY LIKED KILLER KLOWNS FROM OUTER SPACE! ITS MUCH MORE THAN A DELIBERATE BADFILM-EDS!



# STILL SPREADING LAUGHS, MESSAGES

**C**HICAGO—Andrea Stava, pretty in pink from hair bow to party shoes, leaned against her mommy's knees as she waited in the crowd. She seemed awfully calm considering she had waited all her life for this moment.

Yes, that archetypal moment when she could prostrate her young, virginal form at the rubber clad feet of the flame headed icon of her bankrupt culture!

Maybe the 6-year-old was too young to grasp the full import of the occasion. It wasn't lost on her mother. "I waited 28 years!" Debbie Stava exclaimed. "When we got the tickets I went bonkers for Bozo!"

Unsatiated by the commodity fetishisms that rule her waking hours, only Bozo tickets inspires passion in the jaded soul of Stava, slave to a culture which she lacks the courage or vision to transform, and which instead holds her captive in it's spidery web of soul-stripping seductions.

Waiting for Bozo is as quintessentially Chicago as deep dish pizza or the Cubs' Bleacher Bums. Tickets for "The Bozo Show," the longest running children's program on television, are so much in demand that parents order them before their children are born.

Like deranged fairy tale characters offering up the flesh of their flesh to repulsive manifestations of the societal id such as Rumpelstiltskin, addled parents actually hunger for the day that they might surrender their offspring to the raging maniac WILL of Bozo.

Nancy Vanau ordered eight tickets while pregnant with her first child. Nine years and five kids later, she finally got the word that her time had come.

Yes, Nancy, your time HAS come. The Master has plans for you, and his evil, clownish minion, Bozo, is the stun gun that will guide you down the stainless steel chute that is your sterile, naive mind.

**K**aren Watson and her husband received four Bozo tickets from a neighbor when they were married. "It was a great wedding present," Watson recalls. "I remember thinking: 'Gee, what will we be doing in 10 years?'"

Well, Karen, you would be festering in a morass of impotent desired, your sole focus in life being that day when four sad and worry worn tickets would carry you to the bowels of horror in which your pathetic "god", Bozo, exists in a constant state of falsely maintained hysteria.

The reservation list for the show became so unmanageable that it was frozen 10 years ago at 200,000 names. WGN-TV, the Chicago based superstation that produces Bozo five days a week, 155 shows a year, recently got down to the final few names. It briefly opened a special telephone number a few weeks ago to take ticket requests for the next five years.

An audience, frozen for ten years - ten years of strain and tension as the chosen dupes await their turn to be aroused and humiliated by the demented clown-lord.

Illinois Bell logged about 27 million attempts in Illinois alone. And since the program is also carried on cable systems throughout the United States and parts of Central and South America, ticket requests poured in from thousands of miles away as well.

Oh, Bozo, who stomps about the Global Village in his obscenely elongated shoes, whose distorted visage haunts the continents and causes a fervor to flow through the phone lines as the world clamors for an unholy messiah in grease-paint!

The 140,000 tickets were snatched up in 5 1/2 hours.

5 1/2 hours of phone circuit frenzy in which the half-dead scramble for a place under the flaming hair-do of the evil Bozo-creature.

Julie Ursin, a Los Angeles resident who grew up in Chicago, ordered four tickets even though she has no children. "My sister has a newborn and wanted them so badly that I made an extra effort to call," she says. Ursin plans to come to Chicago for "The Bozo Show" and will bring "my sister, her child and maybe if I have one in five years. . . I don't anticipate seeing the tickets for several years."

Or your soul, either, oh Julie, as you walk in a half-dead stance towards the mirage of your psychically tainted Bozo tickets.

Bozo has been around for more than half a century and has even entered the lexicon as a slang term for a "fool." The character was created for children's records, but made its way onto the television screen when Larry Harmon, the Los Angeles actor who was the voice of Bozo, bought the rights to the clown in 1954.

As if one might copyright pure evil! Ha! Ha! Ha! Larry - perhaps you are the biggest Bozo dupe of all, thinking the horror that is Bozo might be contained through mere bureaucracy! Oh vain human! Surrender to the MASTER now, Larry, alleged "keeper" of the Bozo horror unit, and save yourself years of self-deception!

He franchised the character to more than 80 local stations across the country, including one in Washington, D.C., where Willard Scott, now the weatherman on "The Today Show," played the clown. Today, only a few locally produced Bozo shows remain, but none come close to the success of the Chicago version.

Yes, Chicago, where gargoyles fitted stone monoliths rise high over the nation's stockyards, full of squealing, hormone fed four-legged protein units, which are, in an ironic twist of fate, consumed by the

also hormone fed two-legged protein units that make up the Bozo audience.

"This, by local standards, is a large production," said producer Allen Hall, who has been with the show since it premiered here in 1961. "Most stations can't afford to do this kind of thing." The show's prop cage has floors of costumes, laugh-getters like a real 15-gallon hat and shelves chock full of rubber chickens, turkeys, salamis and a host of other unedible edibles.

Yes, for Bozo is a "god" who mocks his own followers, seeming to offer psychic substance, material goods, and spiritual understanding when all he truly has to offer his believers is rubber frauds and stale mirth.

Cavorting with Bozo under the yellow, red and blue studio big top

is Cooky, a round, naive clown who is often the target of the season's 15 to 20 cases worth of shaving cream pies and Wizzo, a magician decked out in Arabian garb. And there is Professor Andy, the show's spike-haired musician, a preteen heart-throb who regularly gets perfumed love letters from young fans.

Professor Andy, androgynous love totem to the pubescent girl-children, sensuous but nor too threatening as he is rendered nearly impotent under the unnerving asexuality and relentless "comic" desperation of the Bozoid itself.

Lessons in morality lose out to pratfalls and banana peels. Nevertheless, Hall likens Bozo to Mr. Rogers, the popular children's TV host, in that both communicate with kids. "They're like members of the family. The kids feel like they're watching friends."

Lessons in morality lose out to pratfalls, yes, but also to the sinister machinations of the cruel Bozo. "Friend?"



*Waiting for Bozo: In Chicago, they take a clown seriously: OR DIE !!!*



Oh, yes, "friends" like the other cultural vampires that flit across our television screens, sucking the moral marrow from the bones of our weary and overwrought tribe.

Festooned in his thick stage makeup and bright orange wig, Bozo (actor Joey D'Auria) agreed. "You get little kids, little tiny ones, and they say 'I love you Bozo,'" the 38-year old one-time stand-up comic said before a recent taping. "That makes you melt."

And so it should.

"Actor" Joey D'Auria!

Melt! Melt! Melt!

Melt in the heat of the misguided trust of an innocent child, raised in the daunting shadow of the looming Bozo tickets his parents waited so long to possess!

Before Bozo, D'Auria performed in Los Angeles comedy clubs. As Dr. Flameo, he screamed in key as he placed his hand over various sized candles. His act won on "The Gong Show" and gained the atten-

tion of Johnny Carson's bookers. D'Auria sent a copy of his appearance on the talk show to WGN-TV when Bob Bell, the original Chicago Bozo, retired in 1984. The rest is history.

D'Auria, the spirit mount that takes on the malevolent energy of the Bozo-thing in the way that a voo-dooist allows the loa to penetrate their being, over-riding the humanity of the individual to further the cult. So too does D'Auria's aura dis-integrate under the spell of the mocking clown-beast. You were better off when you merely flirted with the flames! Now you step through the fiery vale every time you emerge into our time-space frequency as the Bozo!

"I have the best job in the whole world," Bozo/D'Auria squealed. "I get to make people happy and I love doing it."

Squealed! Squealed!  
Need we comment any more on the inner torment

that D'Auria tries to mask with desperate enthusiasm?

Although each program is taped a week in advance of its air date, editing is considered taboo. Even the plea from a boy who once whispered, "I gotta go to the bathroom" into Bozo's hidden microphone was aired.

An accident? Surely not! Most likely this was a child possessing unique resources that allowed him the insight to see beyond the cheesy facade of the Bozo Terror Generator. Knowing his curdled culture's odd fondness for "bathroom" humor, he used their systematized and obvious reaction to his performance in order to escape the white-gloved claws of his captor.

Skits are spiced with sight gags. One clown hitting the other with a 6-foot sponge mallet. And there are the old jokes. Bozo's brother is getting married to a two-headed lady. Asks Cooky, "Is she pretty?" Answers Bozo, "Well, yes and no."

Old jokes, yes, jokes so ancient that we might gag on the dust of them. So old that they might possess microbes of the Black Death upon them.

So old as to have nestled in the navel lining of the mastodons!

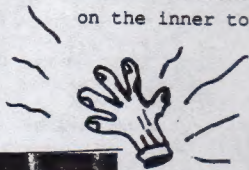
Everybody's favorite feature is the Grand Prize Game when a boy and a girl are randomly selected to toss Ping-Pong balls into six buckets, each a bit farther away than the last. Parents fondly recall practicing at home when they were only knee high. Children anxiously await a chance to win a bicycle and \$100.

In their pathetic attempts to please their "god" and acquire glimmering commodities, these spiritually degenerated masses, corrupted even in their earliest youth, begin a regime of odd self-improvement in order to serve both their heavily cosmeticed high priest of the cathode ray tube and their own lustful material yearnings.

Andrea Slava was lucky enough to win the chance to play the Grand Prize Game. Her arm wasn't strong enough to get past the third bucket but she still took home a bounty of gifts, and got a big hug from Bozo. What did she like best? "Everything," she said. "I like everything!"

For you, Andrea, in your woefully misguided admiration, all WE can do is weep. Weep. Weep...

END



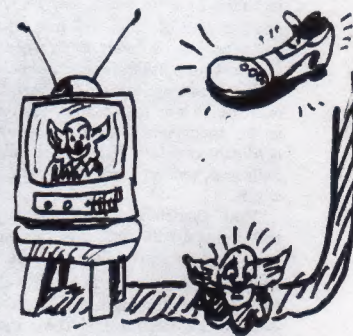
early example of Proto-Clown skull found near North Magnetic Pole. Note primitive bony spurs; Hairy tufts would take their place. Early to mid Rubber-Age nomadic hunter was killed by mastodon; only those who learned to vulcanize soft spear-tips were to survive.

When law and order fails...



Anti-Zontar priests prepare to baptize robot-drone in vain effort to sway the masses away from the benevolent alien.

Baby robot has dim future; unwilling and soulless minion faces life with no hope, first at barrack-like toddler camp serving "needs" of selfish and brutish priests, then into trenches as doomed fodder in stupid struggle against Zontar. Broken body will then go to feed comrades, residue will be sloughed off in protien vats hidden beneath vatican.



IF YOU LIKE  
**MEN**  
FROM  
**MARS**

**ZONTAR**

IS THE  
MAGAZINE  
FOR  
**YOU**



# DRAG TRADE

BY ED WOOD JR.

## A TRIUMPH FACT BOOK

FROM 1967

### CHAPTER THREE

Sadie was a lady—only she wasn't!  
Sadie was a 240 lb., 35 year old man.

That was in Portland, Oregon, the beautiful green, wooded area where rains are wet, where men are men and the women are proud of it. Sadie was an exception. And, as her future exploits proved, 'she' and Paul Bunyan could have made a good team, if Sadie's talents had changed directions, and 'she' had decided to become a lumberjack instead of a lumber jill.

Sadie's talents finally petered down to being a truck driver; a delivery man; a common purveyor (or maybe not so common.) The only thing he owned in all his life was a beaten-up truck, and that was his only livelihood. Sadie would place ads in the papers and was available for small moving jobs; short deliveries and small time contracts.

Sadie's money never quite covered his real expense. His pastime; his secret love; girl's clothing.

He kept his treasured wardrobe of feminine attire both in his rooms and in a secret compartment at the back of his panel truck. When the mood took hold, he stopped, climbed into the back and changed from Stephen to Sadie. But first, his ritual. Sadie would open the secret closet and gloat over his collection of satins, silks, sweaters, dresses, blouses, nightgowns and panties. He favored sheath dresses, but his great hulk didn't really look good in them. As a matter of fact he didn't really look good in any of them. He just loved girls' clothes and was going to wear them whenever he wanted. His transformation from Stephen to Sadie never took too long—Stephen had perfected his change-over. Sadie would step from the back of the truck as an overweight blonde, in women's slacks and cardigan sweater. Then she would complete her deliveries, smiling and happy, and no one was the wiser.

That particular night, however, Sadie's mood was strangely different, overwhelming, too demanding—even in his beautiful blonde wig, high spike heels, pink fuzzy sweater and matching skirt, Sadie felt a strange, strong urge. Something was missing—even the beautiful clothes, the make-up, the perfume was not enough.

Then he saw her, and knew what he must do. Sadie followed the cashier from the theater, with the truck lights dimmed, and it happened...

Ma and Pa Stormsven were of the old school—drinking, loving, brawling products of the timber country. Pa was proud of his strength, his capacity for beer, and his Greta.

And then came their proudest moment... when Stephen was born, their one and only son. Papa Stormsven really believed life was at its peak. He propped the fat, crying bundle on his broad shoulders and carried him around the camp, showing his chubby, healthy heir to his cronies at the lumber camp.

Stephie remembered those wonderful days—he was the beloved of everyone. Papa boasted—"Stephie will make the best timber topper in the whole Northwest." It was a happy, carefree life, and his Papa loved him, and took him everywhere.

And then came that night when he hadn't felt very good—those horrible dreams, waking up, drenched in sweat, then waking up with his throat so parched he couldn't talk—and the horrible pains in his neck and legs.

One day, he was healthy and strong—it seemed like the next day he lay on the bed, with Greta hovering over him, anxious and sweaty. And Stephe remembered Papa, impatient, scowling, nervous.

PART ONE:  
ZONTAR #7

PART 2:  
EJECTO-  
POD  
#1

SEND \$!



Polio... Stephen never completely recovered. His left leg was almost useless—it had become a withered stick, never strong enough to walk on again without the hated brace he had to wear. Stephen shuddered, thinking about it. The horrible binding, torture chamber. It covered him from his shoulders to his foot, binding him across the chest. But Stephen became used to that pressure across his little titties. Sadie looked down at the padded brassiere, and remembered that when the brace was removed, he felt strangely naked. But now the pressure was back again, the tight, black padded brassiere. Now he was alive again.

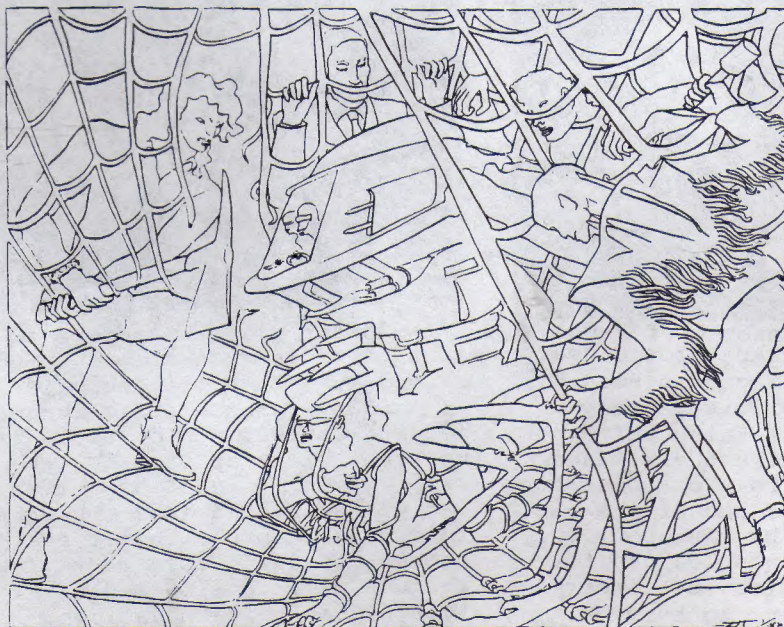
The brace was a hated thing to young Stephe, but it became his own suit of armour. Papa could not stand the fact that he had not fathered a son, but a weakling. Papa's pride dwindled when he saw the pitiful relic of his proud boasting. The other children at the camp always made fun of Stephe, the gimp, as he limped pathetically on his one good, one bad leg. But Mama Greta's heart was dying inside. Stephen remembered how she used to cuddle him in her arms, across her big bosom, and whisper, "Never be afraid, little one, remember you are a part of me, and I will never let you be hurt. Don't worry about the cruel world, there is always a way."

Stephen remembered how Mama Greta would slide her plump fingers along the brace, and then lovingly hold him in her arms.

"Don't fret, my little Stephe, I will make you the pride of the lumber camp. You will have the best clothes—I will make you the prettiest one..."

And so Greta did. The beautiful, long, frilly dresses, with the pleats to disguise his brace. And how many hours did she comb his blonde hair, even curling it up like her own. The long hours when Papa was swaggering in the saloon, trying to save face by being the biggest drinking man in the camp. Greta and little Stephe became more like mother and daughter, than mother and son. Snubbed by the husky, hulking camp members, Stephe and Greta drew closer. Night after night, when they were alone, Greta would lovingly comb his hair, dress it in ribbons. She would bring out the little dresses and frilly panties she would secretly sew for him, and they would play make-believe. They would dream their own dreams, and make their own reality. Now Stephe could stand the jeers of the other children during the day, and the mounting disgust of his father, Papa Stormsven. But Mama Greta and he became inseparable.

Then Stephe shuddered and remembered the day. Finally, after years of the many tears and shouts, arguments and insults, Greta took HER away. They moved to the city. Mama Greta took that job as a laundress. She would leave Stephe in their rented room, and day by day would walk the four miles to work, from dawn to late at night, dragging herself home, tired and pale. SADIE re-



W. HOI21-0212



## CHAPTER FOUR

membered how Mama Greta would try to play with him, but she was always so tired now. Her plump body grew thin and tired, and then one day she didn't come home at all.

Then the long years at the dingy orphanage, the scratchy hand-me-down clothes. The hated pants and the ugly T-shirts. The giggles of the little girls, and the coarse jokes of the boys at his limpy leg. At least now it was out of the brace for longer periods, but he was a fat, ugly, sullen little boy. No more of the warm comfort of Mama Greta's soft breast, no more the soft, frilly dresses, the smooth underwear. But Stephen remembered and never forgot as he grew up. He made a secret pact with himself. When he was once rid of this hated place, he would never again wear the hated MEN CLOTHES. Always there would be for him, the soft, wonderful memory of his beloved Mama Greta. The soft clothes, the smoothness of HER.

The following years, however, were unkind to him, with the exception that his leg finally did heal to a point where he no longer needed the braces, and he could walk fairly well upon it. Strangely enough he did even better on high heels. That he appreciated no end. What would girls' clothing really be if he couldn't wear high heels.

But as the years passed the thought of having a real woman all his own came more frequently to his mind. He tried for dates, and there were a few. But the kind of woman who would date him wasn't like his mother; he didn't want that kind of woman. He wanted something soft and dainty like he thought of himself. And he wanted to be able to wear female attire with the girl. He wanted them to share their bed in the most feminine of nightgowns. That's the way it was and was going to be until the end of his days.

That type of woman was hard to come by. Especially for him and his great hulk. His personality left everything to be desired. But the need for a woman was overwhelming. If they wouldn't come to him peacefully, then he would take them by force.

No one suspects a woman. And it was the hulking Sadie, in the dark of night who came from the back of a panel truck and followed any young girl he selected. Few women are afraid of another woman, even if that other woman is a giant. It was the downfall for many, because as soon as Sadie was close enough behind his prey, he pounced upon them. He dragged them into alleys; abandoned houses; even open fields and ravished them. Some he knocked unconscious. Others fainted. Others simply laid back, too frightened even to scream.

He jammed into them and when he was finished he simply disappeared back into the darkness, until he reached his truck. There he usually changed back into work clothes and drove off. But it was the truck that finally was his downfall.

The cashier under him nearly smothered as her nose was buried in the fuzzy pink sweater. Sadie had a rough time making his entry because the young girl was a small thing. Even at that her head barely reached his chest. She cried a lot, but the sounds were muffled. Besides, they were in an old alley where no one ever bothered to go. She couldn't fight the big beast, so she opened her legs as wide as she could, hoping he wouldn't hurt her too much. Sadie didn't care if he hurt or not, and he never spoke a word. She did try to scream as he first took her, because it did hurt something fierce. But then the initial stab was finished and the rhythmic routine forced her own reactions to gush forth. Then, when it was all over, the fat man in the high-heeled shoes drifted off into the night, leaving the bleeding girl where she lay.

Some time later the girl staggered to her unsteady feet. She hurt all over, and when she walked it was more torture than she thought she could bear. That was why the patrol car stopped to investigate. She had been staggering like a common drunk. It was on the way to the hospital when she saw the green panel truck which she knew had followed her from her job.

Sadie was immediately taken into custody, screaming like a woman, and fighting like a truck driver. Her beautiful wardrobe was confiscated. The rape conviction could have meant a lifelong sentence in prison—but Sadie fared better. She was sent to a mental institution. Who knows, maybe she's still getting up in DRAG. ...

One of the most interesting of all transvestite stories is that of Raymond Gomez. He was finally arrested and sent to jail for a series of robberies. But it was not the robberies which brought this boy/girl into the headlines. He was arrested, in female attire, as a draft dodger.

When the Federal men went looking for Raymond Gomez at his last known address, they were met by a lovely brunette wearing a yellow mini skirt, white blouse and yellow, fuzzy cardigan sweater. Her dark eyes sparkled as she answered the door; and her musical voice almost sent the Federal men away empty-handed. But they were not to be misled by the masquerade. Almost from the first, they had known Raymond was gone on girls' clothes, and if they were ever to find him, Raymond would be dressed as such. They chatted friendly for a time. Raymond was known as Sheila, and that was the name he gave the officers ... Sheila Gomez, Raymond's younger sister. Only the Federal men already knew Raymond had no sister.

As was the case with most of the boys who dress up in girls' clothing, it started with some fixation of the mother. Since the elder Gomez had died during Raymond's babyhood it was up to his mother to raise him. She never married again, thus whatever love she possessed was given to the boy. No one thought much of it when the baby was dressed in little pink dresses—even the little nightgowns held layer after layer of frills. Many mothers have dressed little boys in that way. But after a time that practice stopped. Usually about the school years. It was not so with the young Raymond. Although he did wear boys' things during the school day hours, his mother immediately insisted that he change when he came home. His playmates were always girls, and usually in his own backyard. It never occurred to the neighbors that anything was wrong. Live and let live. Besides, little Raymond made a better looking girl than he did a boy. And he was such a pleasant kid.

Raymond quit school after his graduation from grade school. It was his mother's wish. After all, they were fairly well off and the mother wanted to travel. Which is exactly what they did. Mother and daughter went everywhere, including their use of the 'ladies' room' in restaurants. They shopped at all the best dress shops. There were special hand-knit sweaters and dresses.

It never entered Raymond's mind that he was anything else but a girl. Of course he knew he was built differently. That had all been explained to him at an early age. But even during those early school years he hated the mornings when he would have to take off his beautiful nightgowns and negligees, to put on pants and shirts. It just wasn't him. Once he tried attending classes wearing a pink pinafore. His mother approved highly. But the principal had other thoughts on the subject. Raymond was sent home with a strong note saying such a thing was never to happen again. Stranger still, none of the kids razed him about the incident. After all, most of them knew him as a girl around his home.

There never were two more happy people than the mother and the daughter she decided to call Sheila. The combination went on for nearly eight years; until the mother suddenly died. And the young boy/girl was thrown into a further shock when it was discovered they were destitute. There had been no bank account for nearly two years. The mother had been stealing to keep them in the luxury they could not afford. That fact never came to the attention of authorities until after Raymond was picked up. The boy/girl came across a diary in the mother's effects which were left to him. Every day and date and item; as well as the cash amounts she got for the stolen articles.

The confusion Sheila (Raymond) felt at that time is unrecorded, but evidently it was tremendous. He had been sheltered all his life. If anyone denied his sex, his mother was right there to back him up. But more important was the money. Where was he going to get an income? He knew no trade. The only sex life he even understood was standing in front of a mirror and playing with himself. Life had been one long procession of dresses; the best of female attire. Naturally he had quite a wardrobe but the newness of the freshly purchased articles was more important.

For a time he would be content with the clothes he had on hand, but there was going to come the time when they lost their appeal. With his mother alive he'd never had that problem. They had made shopping trips at least twice a week. Seldom he wore the same panties more than once or twice. Once the dainty garments entered water they lost their newness and feel. This is of the utmost in importance to the transvestite. Clothes are his very existence.

Sheila pondered over the situation for five days, then realized there was only one thing he could do. That was the same as his mother had done. Go out and steal. Even that presented a problem. He didn't know how to steal, or where to go to do the stealing.

However, where there's his will there's her way! Sheila started small—shoplifting. Perhaps it was the newness of the situation, but Sheila took to it eagerly. And she became quite proficient at it. But boosting was small stuff. Sheila's taste demanded much more. She bought a gun and started holding up liquor stores. Much as any drag robber, she put on male attire over her dress, or sweater and skirts; folded her long hair under a cap; did the job, slipped out of the male attire and was gone.

She had been thinking of going big time with the banks that afternoon when she wore the yellow sweater and skirt and white blouse. But the law cut her off before she got to first base.

Still in her female wardrobe with her face beautifully made up, Sheila/Raymond was taken to headquarters. There she was photographed as both man and woman. She was booked for failing to register for the draft. Not so horrible in itself, since boy/girls just aren't drafted. But the side by side pictures of her as a girl and as a boy appeared in the local papers. Most of the robbery victims recognized her immediately.

Thus it was off to prison with shorn hair and blue prison coveralls. But it was not the last to be heard of Raymond (Sheila) Gomez.

Over the period of time Sheila had been free to commit her robberies, she did make many acquaintances with other girls her own age. Some knew her to be the boy she really was. Others did not. The fact remains Sheila made fast and lasting friends.

It was one of the girl friends who went to visit him in prison. How they ever managed to be in a visiting room alone is for the law to know and for us to think about. However they did manage. And without the watchful eye of any guard the girl friend quickly stripped off a yellow cardigan sweater; ironically the same one Sheila had been wearing when she was captured. The girl then removed a second skirt and a second set of panties. She took a set of falsies from her own brassiere and a beret which hid her long hair. Sheila didn't need any explanations. The prison denims fell to the floor and after a moment Sheila was as lovely as ever.

The two girls, Sheila with the beret covering her short hair, made their way out of the visiting room and marched unhampered along the hallway which would lead them to the outside and freedom.

They passed four checkpoints undetected. It was the fifth one which stopped them cold in their tracks. The guard there fell in love with Sheila on first sight. He might have tried to rape her on the spot, but all Sheila wanted was to get the hell out of there ... She and the girl friend became so insistent that the guard became suspicious ...

Both were herded back to the same visiting room where Sheila once more had to remove the beautiful feminine finery ... and the blue denims again captured her body.

**MORE TO COME  
— IN EVERY —  
EJECTO-POD  
KEEP SENDING \$**





THANKS TO: MITCH O'CONNELL - CHICAGO!